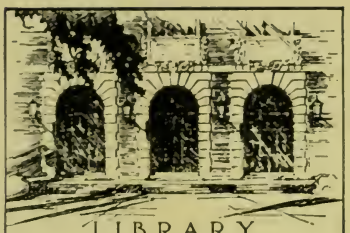

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
H8142w
v.3

WILLIAM BATHURST.

VOL. III.

WILLIAM BATHURST.

BY

LEWIS HOUGH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1865.

The right of Translation is reserved.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY MACDONALD AND TUGWELL, BLENHEIM HOUSE,
BLENHEIM STREET, OXFORD STREET.

823
HR142w
v.3

CHAPTER I.

A RAPID RETROSPECT.

William Bathurst may seem to have got to the end of his tether in a very short time, and to have had marvellously little fun for his money. Our "national pastime" ruins a good many men; but most spendthrifts, starting with his capital, take some five years before they come to such utter grief. But it must be borne in mind that he was ruined when he commenced his career on the Turf, and that he sought by betting to meet the liabilities which were

closing around him, in consequence of the disastrous issue of his commercial speculations. He had gone double or quits with Fate, and had lost the throw.

The adventures of the two friends during their attempt to discover that modern philosopher's stone, the way to make money by backing horses, were of so ordinary a character, that it is not worth while to devote more than a few lines to a summary of their career. Elated by winning, at Ascot say, they would "put the pot on" the horses who had there proved worthy of their support at Goodwood, where the perverse animals would falsify their former running, and leave their disappointed backers in the lurch. Cooled into caution by the misadventure, they would reduce their stakes at Brighton, and feeling renewed hopes spring up in a gleam

of success at that meeting, they would think that Fortune had now turned in their favour, and trying to catch the tide at Lewes, find that, somehow, they had once more missed the flood. Sometimes when half-maddened by seeing comparative wealth wrested from them by a neck, they tried at night to recover their losses at illegal gambling; for when they were pretty well known, they were admitted to the select and aristocratic circle which was accustomed to gather round a certain roulette table which a benevolent gentleman carried about with him from meeting to meeting, for the benefit of those noblemen and gentlemen who spurned the idea of letting the hours of darkness give them too long a respite from being preyed upon.

Altogether, by the time the Houghton

Meeting came round, the two friends were in a desperate condition, and then of course they discovered that *if* they had followed a certain system throughout the season, they must have infallibly made an enormous fortune. I say that *they* made this discovery, speaking in the name of the firm; for of course Bathurst's part in it was merely a passive one.

"What a misfortune we did not hit upon the idea before!" cried Leeson to his partner in the smoking-room of their hotel at Newmarket. "Look here, the favourite always wins one or two races at least in the course of the day—well then, all you have to do is to back the favourite every time, and, whenever you lose, double your stakes on the next race. Don't you see?"

"It is infallible!" cried Bathurst, gazing

on his talented companion with admiration.

So they put their wonderful martingale to the proof that very day, staking fifty pounds on the first race, which the favourite failed in winning.

The professionals did not exact a deposit from them, now that their faces were so familiar in the Ring, so that they had no difficulty in staking what sums they pleased.

"Never mind," said Leeson; "we will put a hundred on the next."

But when the numbers went up there proved to be only three starters, and the betting was two to one *on* the favourite.

"Bother!" said Leeson; "I forgot that in my calculation. We shall have to stick *two* hundred on, to follow up our plan. But never mind, it is a certainty, Blue Belle cannot lose if she tries."

But Blue Belle effected that impossibility with apparent ease.

They had now lost two hundred and fifty pounds, and so had to stake five hundred on the third race, and this time the favourite did win; but through inability to find out which the favourite was in an exceptionally fluctuating market, they backed the wrong horse.

The next race was a match with four to one on one of the competitors who was beaten easily, thus increasing the deficit of the firm to about four thousand pounds.

"I can stand this no longer," said Bathurst, who had turned as pale as a sheet; "I doubt if I can meet our present losses on settling day."

"Hush! We must go through with it now; this is the last race of the day, and will probably pull us straight. Gad,

I doubt whether I can get eight thousand on, though, for a small race like this."

He was right in this supposition; it was only as a favour that a leviathan bookmaker accommodated him to a quarter of the extent he desired. But he might have risked the larger bet, for the favourite never had a chance.

It was a day to be marked with a white stone by the professionals, many of whom met with that unwonted piece of luck which is, I believe, technically termed "skinning the lamb."

As William Bathurst turned dejectedly from the spot where he had stood to witness the last race, he was arrested for debt, and escorted back to London by a couple of bailiffs. In the train, and afterwards at a spunging-house in Cursitor

Street, he had plenty of time for reflection, but unhappily only came to the conclusion that spirits and water was the sole remedy for his misfortunes; and it must be said for him that he acted upon his convictions.

Driven from her home at Teddington, and unable to gain any tidings of her husband, who had not written to her for weeks, Mary Bathurst started with her little girl to find and force him, if possible, to return and pay some attention to his affairs, for she was rendered desperate by suspense and anxiety, and was determined to know the worst. She found little difficulty in tracing him from place to place, and finally reached Newmarket on the evening of his arrest. On the platform of the railway station she saw Leeson, who, perceiving the game was up, was

anxious to make his retreat from the head-quarters of the Turf without beat of drum, and learned from him what had happened, and where her husband would probably be taken to; for the ex-major had recognised the bailiffs, and knew by experience the habitat of the most eminent members of that profession. Only staying to get some refreshment for the child, she returned to London that evening, and on the following day had an interview with the prisoner, who, after much maudlin repentance, directed her to a lawyer in whose hands his affairs were placed, and by whose means he was bailed out.

CHAPTER II.

WAX TO RECEIVE, AND DITTO TO RETAIN.

THEN came a life of shift, concealment, constant change of lodgings, perpetual fear of arrest. For Bathurst did not know of half his liabilities, and did his utmost to conceal the extent of those of which he was aware. For a ruined man seems to acquire the nature of the ostrich, and to hope that his danger will, somehow, pass away if he shuts his eyes to it.

Poor Mary! she did not care for herself, but that her little girl should be dragged

down into this slough of dishonourable poverty was an insufferable horror. She had written to her brother and Minnie, entreating them to take charge of Louey, and save her from the defilement of those sights and sounds by which she was surrounded, to rescue her from that positive want with which, sooner or later, they seemed to be threatened; but she could gain no tidings of them, and her letters remained unanswered. Yes, she was willing to part with her child, and stand by her husband while there was a chance of saving him, so antiquated were her notions of the duties of a wife, so sacred did she consider the trust committed to her by his mother. But at present it seemed a hopeless task to reclaim him from the sottish habits which seemed to have become part of his nature, far more so to bring back the old days when he led a

life of honest industry. Between the physical drunkenness to which he was a slave, and the mental intoxication of gambling, it seemed impossible that either body or soul should ever be restored to health. There were, however, two facts which prevented her from despairing of success—one was, that he was ashamed of himself, and seemed ready to work with her in his poor feeble way for his own reformation; the other, that Leeson had not, so far as she could tell, re-appeared upon the scene. It is true that she had feared about this latter point two days before, when, after a week's struggle against his vice, Bathurst had gone out, ostensibly to see his lawyer, and had not returned for thirty hours, when he came home in a state of filthy intoxication; but he declared that he had not seen the man who had caused so much

calamity to this little family; and, as he had always been truthful she believed him. But he had fallen very far, and he lied. He *had* met Leeson, and had even given him his present address, and appointed to go out with him this very evening, only the quantity he had swallowed to quench the cravings of a week had drowned all memory of the engagement. The other had not forgotten it, however, and Mary had not been gone two minutes before Bathurst heard his footstep on the stairs. His heart sank at the sound, for he had made up his mind to a quiet cup of tea, seasoned with repentance and vapoury projects of reform, enjoyed in the society of his pretty wife; and indeed anyone might feel inclined to lay down the burden of his sins at the feet of such a soft-cheeked, red-lipped mother-confessor. He also knew

clearly enough that if he sought for employment in a lawyer's office at once he should be pretty sure to get it—indeed he had had a very fair offer from the man who had purchased his own business—but that his chances of being able to support himself and his family by honest work grew infinitely smaller with every week of delay. He felt sure that Leeson would laugh at the idea of his settling down to the slow and plodding method of earning a livelihood, which he meditated, and he knew that, in spite of his better judgment, he would come round to the opinion of his friend; so his heart, as I said, sank within him as the fatal footsteps fell onhis ear.

"Hallo, old fellow!" cried the new comer, with his sanguine cheery voice, "this is not a very lively crib you have got into! Does not do after the cottage

at Teddington, does it? Never mind, my boy, we are at the bottom of the wheel of fortune now, it is true—but what of that? Another turn of the handle, and we may find ourselves at the top. You shall have a house in Belgrave Square before another year is out. Ah! if we only had the capital to try that doubling system properly next season! I have been calculating; and if we had begun it at Epsom and gone right through with it, we must have won. But it is no good bothering about that, what I have to tell you is, that I have found a room where there is just the pool to suit us. But come, you have not got your boots on; look sharp and Adonise yourself a bit."

"Why, the fact is," hesitated Bathurst, "I am not very well, and I think that I had better stop at home."

"Pooh! nonsense, man, you are a cup too low, that is all that's the matter with you; a glass of grog will set you as right as a trivet. You must not give way—never say die! Why, you have a family to support, and cannot sit here with your hands before you, instead of earning your and their daily bread. Where are your boots?"

Had they been upstairs, Mary would have discovered and frustrated his intention of going out; unfortunately they were under the sofa. Bathurst drew on one boot and then paused, still irresolute, with the other in his hand.

"I have no money!" said he.

"I have," replied the other; "and I will find the capital to-night, that is only fair."

And so perhaps it was, considering that,

in the majority of their joint transactions, he had contributed units to the other's hundreds.

As Mary came down after seeing Louey in bed, she heard a voice which she recognized as Leeson's in the entrance passage, and before she could reach the bottom of the stairs the door was slammed to. It was too much; she turned into the sitting-room, and leaning forwards upon the table, gave way to a flood of tears of disappointment and despair.

"We will walk as far as the Waterloo Road," said Leeson, when the two friends were in the street, "and then we will take a bus. The air and exercise will do you good. I say, you are rather shaky this evening, and that will never do for pool or billiards; we must have a glass of something hot at the first public we come to,

and it would be as well to turn into a barber's and get that chin of yours scraped."

"And where are we going to?" asked Bathurst, his spirits rising under the influence of his friend's companionship, and the prospect of drink and excitement.

"To Timothy's in the Strand; the room is principally frequented by clerks and medical students, and the pool is three shillings and one—rather potty work after what we have been used to; but even a pound or so is worth winning in the present state of our finances. We had better go in separately, and not know one another, and as we will go shares at the end of the evening, of course we must not take each other's lives if we can help it; but you must play for me as much as you can, and I will do the same for you. For instance, if I am under a cushion,

or in any bad position, and you have nothing to play for, you must try to cannon me out; or when you see that the man who plays after me is in the middle of the table, your object will be to plant him into an inconvenient corner—do you see?"

"Ye-es, I understand," replied Bathurst. "But, I say, is not that rather what you might call, not quite fair, you know?"

"Bah!" cried Leeson, "we are playing for the pot, not for sport, and cannot afford to be so squeamish. It is not the thing, certainly, for a sportsman to shoot a bird or a hare sitting, but poachers cannot pay attention to such niceties, and we are poachers. Besides, we have done worse already, when we bet more than we could pay if we lost at Newmarket the other day.

Have we been treated fairly ourselves? How often did we get anything like the proper odds? How many times were we let in by the horse we had backed being pulled or run out of condition on purpose?"

"Very true," said Bathurst.

He did not like the business, but did not quite see why he should affect to be better than his Mentor. Probably his prejudices about honour and fair play were but remnants of greenness, which it would be highly advantageous to rub off. Still, he did not like it. A stiff glass of grog, however, quieted his scruples, which were still further stilled by the talk of his companion as they rolled along on the top of the omnibus; for Leeson showed him clearly that statesmen, bishops, merchants, all were rogues who cheated their fellow-creatures—that religion,

morality, and honour were mere bugbears, invented by the cleverest of the rascals for the purpose of frightening trespassers off their preserves, and rendering their victims a more easy prey. And when the moralist found that his lecture had produced its effect, he proceeded to unfold his plans for making a livelihood a little more.

"By-the-bye," said he, as they crossed Waterloo Bridge, "we *may* be able to play a game of billiards together, and as my play is rather brilliant, some by-sitter *may* wish to back me; if so, swear at my luck, brag of your own powers, and take him to any amount. Somehow, when a friend bets against me, it puts me off my play, and I know I shall lose. We get down here, conductor."

If any man, even the present speaker, had made such a proposition to William

Bathurst a year, ay, six months before, he would never have spoken to him again; now, he linked his arm in his, and strolled with him into a neighbouring public-house, where they each had another glass of spirits and water; and then Leeson gave Bathurst a couple of sovereigns, told him how to find Timothy's, and left, directing him to follow in a quarter of an hour.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT HAPPENED AT TIMOTHY'S.

As Bathurst ascended the stairs of the billiard establishment at the expiration of that period, the cry of "yellow plays upon the red, green his player," announced that pool was going on. He entered the room, and sat down on one of the raised divans which surrounded the walls. The light of six gas jets was concentrated upon the table, leaving the top of the room in a state of murky gloom, in which clouds of tobacco smoke rolled and gathered. There

were six players besides Leeson, all of them young men; three were articled clerks, one a medical student, and two undergraduates, who had come up to town for a spree, and had taken stalls at the theatre, but finding the performances somewhat tame after a good dinner, they had left, and taken refuge in the nearest billiard-room. Seated on the divans were some four or five respectable tradesmen of the neighbourhood, who never played at pool themselves, but liked to watch the game while they smoked their pipes and sipped their brandy and water, and who occasionally had a quiet game of billiards, when the table was disengaged, among themselves.

"Safe as a church!" exclaimed one of the undergraduates, as his ball rolled quietly under a cushion.

"Ah! but churches are sometimes burned down," replied Leeson, as he plumped it into the top corner pocket, and the wall-flowers chuckled over the jokelet as if they had never heard it before, which they had, often.

"What a fluke!" exclaimed the undergraduate, depositing his shilling on the side of the table.

"Well, I must own that it was a lucky one," replied Leeson, who would have backed himself to make the double three times out of five.

The pool, which Leeson divided—he might have taken the whole if he had not thought it prudent to disguise his game—was soon over, and Bathurst took a ball in the next, which Leeson, who was the only player in the room who could live with him, and who was left

with him at the end, allowed him, to save appearances, to take. And so they went on for five games, by which time the pair of adventurers had won about five pounds between them.

The marker began to give out the balls for the next pool, and as he did so turned to a man who had come in during the last game. A short, slight man, with a cutaway coat, and trowsers fitting so tight to his legs all the way down that it was a puzzle to think how on earth he ever got them off and on.

"Will you take a ball, sir?" asked the marker, pausing.

"Not exactly, Robert, with them chaps in the game. I don't demean myself by playing with defaulters, nor yet with levanters, and because why?—I like to play for other people's money, and not for my own."

Every person in the room but one turned round and stared at the speaker in confused astonishment, the exceptional case being the marker, who considered the matter as no affair of his, and went on giving out the balls with perfect indifference.

"I advise the gentlemen here not to bet with 'em, that's all," continued the horsey intruder.

"Who is it that you object to play with and warn us against?" asked the medical student; "because your remarks are not pleasant while so general and vague."

"Who? Why, the Major and his friend Bathurst" (pointing to them). "Ay, they are pals and work together, they do, though they have been shamming strangers to each other; why, I don't

know, but not for the benefit of the other gentlemen in the room, I'll lay."

"Oh! it is me whom you are calling names all this time, is it?" said Leeson, stepping forward. "Why, you dirty blackguard, I never bet with you in my life."

"No, but you did with Abbot, and he is my mate, and it is all the same thing. Pay up the seven or eight thousand you owe over the Houghton before you come trying to swindle——"

"You—liar! what do you mean?" cried Leeson, clenching his fist and taking a step towards his accuser.

"Hit one of your own size!" shouted the little man. "Bah! Major, I'm not afraid of you, though you are a big 'un. I have spoilt your little game for one night, that's a comfort."

Leeson made a rush at his tormentor, but before he could strike him was caught and held by the others.

"Only let me get at you!" he cried, struggling to shake himself free, his eyes flashing, the veins of his forehead swelled, his whole frame trembling with rage as he poured forth a torrent of blasphemous curses—"only let me get at you, and I'll murder you! No one ever yet insulted me and got off without suffering for it."

Bathurst stood shrinking in the background, overwhelmed with shame; he would have slunk from the room had it not been that he would not desert his friend while there was a chance of a physical conflict, for in personal courage he was not deficient.

"Turn them out of the room!" cried a

voice, and Bathurst felt himself seized by the collar, an act of personal violence which roused his temper, and so enabled him to master his confusion. He resented the indignity with a blow, which was returned with interest by three aggressors at once; and there was a general shindy, in the midst of which Leeson, who was a powerful man, managed to shake himself free. The fellow who had caused the disturbance was on the other side of the table, which he had prudently put between himself and his enraged adversary; but Leeson seized upon one of the balls, and in a moment hurled it with all his force full in his face. The man only cried "Oh!" and sank on the floor senseless and bleeding.

"He has got it, and now I don't care; come along, Billy, the sooner we get out of this the better."

But now they wanted to go the people in the room were determined to keep them, and the cry of "turn them out!" had changed to a call for the police. For a billiard ball is a remarkably hard substance; and when projected by the full force of a strong man's arm right between the eyes of anyone standing two yards off, may produce serious consequences; and when a man is killed, or dangerously injured in a company of strangers, the by-standers are naturally anxious that the real offenders should be apprehended, if it is only for the establishment of their own innocence. So it happened that when, at last, battered, bruised, and with their clothes torn to rags, they fought their way out on to the staircase, they saw at the bottom two dark stalwart forms surmounted by hats, whose glazed tops shone suspiciously.

"There is no help for it," said Leeson. "The man may be killed, so I shall charge the peelers boldly; look to yourself—never mind me."

So sudden was the rush and the spring made by Leeson, that he bore down one of the policemen, and forcing his way into the street, escaped. Bathurst, who no longer attempted any resistance, was given into custody, and taken to the station-house, where, cold and sore, he passed a miserable night, in the very worst company to which he had ever yet been introduced.

CHAPTER IV.

THE POLICE COURT.

Exhausted by the pain and weariness which told heavily upon a frame shaken by dissipation, William Bathurst sank into a sound sleep towards morning, and remained in that state of torpor until he was aroused by a policeman, who shook him up, and took him before the sitting magistrate.

Cool, shrewd, benevolent, urbane, Mr. Newell was the ideal judge whom an innocent man would choose to decide on his

case; his keen sense of humour pierced through the thickest cloak of humbug or self-importance in a moment; malignity could not conceal itself from his calm and practised eye; he neither favoured the rich man out of deference to his position, nor allowed a desire for popularity to influence him against him; while the lowest criminal, with the most "forbidding aspect," was safe to have the evidence against him, righteously weighed, without his face or his antecedents prejudicing the matter one iota. Outside the court Mr. Newell had his likes and dislikes, his passions, opinions, hasty assumptions, his admiration for virtue, his honest loathing of vice and meanness, like other good men; but once on the bench, he became an impassible physician, who had simply to deal with the moral diseases of society, and he administered justice as

calmly and carefully to the wicked as to the honest, in the same way as the doctor devotes himself to the cure of disease just as earnestly, whether it originates in misfortune or is brought on by the vices of the patient. Nor was Mr. Newell an exceptional man amongst his colleagues, for the London stipendiary magistracy is the greatest success of modern civilisation.

Bathurst, as a lawyer, knew perfectly well that there was no case against him; he had done nothing, and had been absurdly apprehended because another man had committed an assault, and it would take a good deal of false swearing, for which there seemed to be no object, to subject him even to the annoyance of a remand. And yet he did not feel perfectly comfortable on this head, for his former professional experience had shown him that

the policeman, a most valuable member of society, though people *are* always abusing him for not possessing the power of ubiquity, and for being too susceptible with regard to their cooks, not considering that a flirtation of this description must make the favoured house a forbidden spot to burglars, has one weakness, which is occasionally fraught with some danger to the liberty of the subject. He does like to have a good plain consistent case to lay before the magistrate; and when the circumstances attending an arrest are somewhat confused, he is apt to state what he conceives must have happened rather than what he saw; and as constant habit has made him familiar with the use of oaths, he is not rendered nervous when relating the supplementary portions of his narrative by that dread of unintentional per-

jury which is so apt to fluster a novice. Bathurst felt therefore that it was just possible that he might have another man's misdemeanours fastened upon him. But his fears proved to be unfounded; the policemen simply stated that they had been attracted to Timothy's billiard-rooms by a cry of "police;" that, on entering, a man had pushed past them and run off, that the prisoner had then been given into their custody on a charge of assault, and as they found a man in the room lying senseless and covered with blood, they had taken the charge accordingly.

The next witness was one of the articled clerks, who deposed to the entrance of the horsey man and what he had said about Bathurst and another man not in custody; to a general row, terminating in the fall of the horsey man and the entrance of

the police; but who struck that blow he could not testify, as he had been thrown down in the melée, and was unable, from his position on the floor, to witness the assault.

The next witness was the injured man, who had by no means been killed, or even dangerously wounded, but who, nevertheless, looked hardly presentable in a drawing-room, having two very bad black eyes and a broken nose. This witness related that he was a betting man, and a partner of a firm which conducted very extensive operations on the Turf; that two of the technical "gentlemen," who had attended all the principal races of the year, had bet heavily with one of his partners at Newmarket, and, having lost, had failed to meet their engagements; that, having turned by chance into a billiard-

room the evening before, and seeing the defaulters playing and betting there, he had been unable to refrain from warning the other players against them; and that then Major Leeson had, after some altercation, thrown a billiard-ball at him, which had caused the injuries now apparent.

"Stay," said the magistrate at this point. "The name entered on the charge sheet is not Leeson, but Bathurst; can you see the prisoner?"

"Not very well, sir," said the witness.

"Then try."

The damaged man held his swollen eyelids open with his fingers, and peered at the accused.

"They have got the wrong un, sure enough," said he; "this is Bathurst."

"Then there is absolutely no charge

against this man, who has been locked up all night. The carelessness of the person who gave him into custody was most culpable. Who was it?"

The policemen could not say who it was in particular; everyone in the room had spoken at once; and, as no one volunteered to come forward and be reprimanded, Bathurst was discharged, and the next case called.

CHAPTER V.

REPENTANCE.

Mary sat by the window of the sitting-room in Tom's Row, looking wearily out into the street. Her little girl was seated in her lap, resting her head on her bosom, and a Bible was open in her hand; but the morning instruction was not going on, for the mother could not rouse herself from her reverie. The child's health was evidently failing; she had lost her flow of spirits, and was unnaturally quiet and dejected; and another

post had come in without bringing the desired letter. And William—was he then quite irreclaimable?—was her task utterly hopeless?

Who dare say that, when the book in her hand said that with God nothing was impossible, when there was a direct promise that the words of prayer should never be lost in the immensity of nothingness?

Her meditation was broken by the appearance of a cab, which stopped at the door, and out of it came her husband, bare-headed, with his clothes torn, and with his face haggard and bruised. She was too much accustomed now to his returning home in evil plight to be shocked by his appearance, and her principal feeling was one of thankfulness, for he was evidently sober.

Louey, however, was frightened, and hesitated to approach him when he entered the room.

"Papa," she said, "is that you?"

"Yes, love; am I so disfigured that you do not know me?" he replied in a mournful tone, which brought the child to his arms. "I really am not to blame, Mary, this time," he continued, rightly interpreting the look of reproach on his wife's face.

"Not to blame!" she replied; "when, after your protestations and promises last night, you allowed one word from that man to turn you from all, and left me without even deigning to tell me you were going. Not to blame!"

"Leeson called to tell me of a means of earning some money which was, successful; see here," and he produced some

sovereigns and a handful of silver. "I stole away in that manner, because, knowing your dislike to Leeson, I thought you would dissuade me from going, and I felt that we were too poor to let any chance escape. Besides, I should have come home early if we had not unfortunately got involved in a quarrel, in which I was maltreated as you see, and then taken up, by an absurd mistake."

"You have been in prison!"

"I was set at liberty directly I was brought before the magistrate this morning and the error discovered. And he said that it was hard that an innocent man should be locked up like that all night. No, Mary, I see what you suspect, but I solemnly declare that I was not intoxicated. It is too bad to be suspected when I am trying to do my best."

"I should be sorry to do that, William, but have you not given me cause?"

"I have, I have; but it is all over now; I have done with Leeson for ever. It was his hot-headed folly that got me into this mess; and besides—oh! I will never suffer him to guide me again!"

"Keep to that resolution, and all will yet be well," replied Mary; "those are the most hopeful words I have heard you speak for a long time."

"They are genuine, I assure you," continued Bathurst. "I will do everything which you advise for the future. I will call upon the lawyer who bought my business, and accept his offer of employment to-morrow. I really am not fit to go out to-day."

This latter assertion was evidently true, seeing that he nearly fainted as he made it. Mary tended him as carefully as if he had been the most auriferous husband on earth; helped him to bed, and got him some breakfast, which, for the first time now for a long while, he seemed to eat with an appetite, a good proof of his asserted temperance over night. And, indeed, he had taken nothing more than the two glasses chronicled, enough to steady him for the management of the cue, but not sufficient to impair the accuracy of his eye. Whether he had not intended to indemnify himself for this prudence when he had left off playing for the night, is a different matter; he had a right to give himself the benefit of any doubt.

His present resolutions of reform were, however, more thorough and hearty than

any he had yet formed. Leeson had openly and undisguisedly persuaded him to be a cheat—a sharper. He had tricked others out of their money unfairly; he had had to stand still and hear himself denounced as a swindling defaulter by a groom, and could not give the man the lie. Between last night and his whole former life there was a gulf; upon his whole future career, let it be as prosperous and upright as it might, there was an indelible blot. The thoughtless way in which some moralists have inveighed against the practice of a gentleman's paying his debts of honour, while he left his tradesman's bills unsettled, has often surprised me. The tradesman has his legal remedy; he can seize the property and the person of his debtor, can discount his expectations, or force him to sell his commission.

His prices are regulated with a view to long credit; he courts that description of business, and makes his profit by it in the long run. But for a debt of honour there is no legal recovery, the security for its payment is the truth and honesty of the man who contracts it; and if he neglects to fulfil the engagement, he proves himself, *ipso facto*, devoid of both. The fact is that the moralist is carried away by the consideration that gambling is immoral; he thinks that the winner deserves not to get his money, and feels rather pleased with the loser for disappointing him. Honesty in gaming transactions is as odious to him as moderate drinking is to the teetotaller, and for the same reason, viz., that it tends more than anything else to encourage the practice which he is anxious to suppress. But if

you put all collateral points on one side, and ask the defaulter simply, would you have taken the money if you had won? an affirmative answer proves him a thief in intention. For if a man persuades another to stake money against his upon a certain issue, with the foregone intention of maintaining or resisting the fulfilment of the contract, as it turns to his own advantage or loss, he deserves penal servitude as fully as any other rascal who obtains money by pocket-picking, burglary, or swindling.

William Bathurst had felt this since last night; he saw to what depths he had fallen, and loathed and despised himself, while, as regarded Leeson, whom he had so long admired, all respect for him had vanished.

"He is a thief," he thought, "though he has only stolen property which is not

protected by the law, a fact which makes the crime all the more mean and cowardly. He is a thief, and has made me his accomplice. What next would he have drawn me into, I wonder? And yet what a pleasant fellow he is; how clever, strong, high-spirited! Nothing ever seems to depress him. It is a thousand pities that he has been driven to have recourse to such practices. At any rate, my eyes are open at last; I will have nothing more to do with his short cuts to fortune—he may follow them by himself, and I hope they will not come out unexpectedly upon Pentonville, Portland, or the New Drop. I will call upon Keen to-morrow, stick to work, and conquer this longing for brandy—I vow I will!"

And, thinking thus, he fell asleep.

I think his chance would have been better if he had substituted a prayer for the vow.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

CHAPTER VI.

THE PATH CLOSED.

BATHURST had received a kick on the ankle, which prevented his getting a boot on the next day, but on that which followed, he got himself up as tidily as his somewhat impaired stock of clothes allowed, and started off immediately after breakfast for a well-known quarter of the City, with his industrious resolutions as strong and as firm as ever. Like a man who, on a dark night, finds himself just about to step over the edge of a cliff,

he clung tenaciously to the path which diverged from the precipice.

He had not visited his old offices since he had given up the business, and it was with many a pang of humiliation and regret that he now approached them. How bright, how happy were his prospects when he trod the pavement of that court a few months ago; and now he was ruined, beggared, and the misery he had brought upon himself and those dear to him was of his own wilful seeking! He thought of the first time when he had been taken there and articled, of his Uncle Horace, of his mother, of the pride he had felt at being admitted into partnership, of his marriage.

And then he stood as a suppliant for employment as a clerk before the door which he had last passed through as the

master! The humiliation was almost too much for him, and he was on the point of turning away; however, he thought of the reparation he owed his wife and child, of the abyss into which he had been on the point of sinking, and accepting the disgrace as part of his just punishment, he entered the office. Fortunately the faces of the clerks were all new and unfamiliar; one of them demanded his business. He gave his name, and asked to see Mr. Keen, and was presently invited to walk into an inner office, which it seemed impossible to realise as not being his own. Surely the events of the last year must have been a dream; no one else's private papers but his could be in that drawer; it must be his bottle of sherry and sandwich-box in the cupboard.

He was recalled to the sad reality by Mr. Keen's voice.

"I can understand your emotion, Mr. Bathurst," said he; "but, excuse me, my time is valuable."

"I beg your pardon," replied the other with a slight start; "I have come about that situation in the office which you offered me by letter."

"You have taken long enough about answering it, I must say," replied Mr. Keen. "I have no vacancy now."

"No vacancy!" cried the unfortunate man, turning pale.

"No," continued the solicitor. "And, besides, you would be of no use now. I wanted you as a head confidential clerk, who would see a certain class of clients who knew you and your uncle in former days, as you must know that such a proceeding would have kept the connection together. I need not dwell on

my reasons for assuming this—it is enough that you, by your folly, have frustrated my plan altogether."

"How?" cried Bathurst, aghast.

"How!" repeated Keen; "why, look there—does that paragraph refer to you?" and he pushed over towards him a copy of the *Times* for the day before, which contained a highly-drawn and exaggerated account of the row at Timothy's, his own appearance at the police-court, with the birth, parentage, education, and turf career of Leeson and himself. "Now, turn to the leading articles," said Keen; and Bathurst, doing so, found a spirited and witty comment upon himself, his companions, and the way in which a respectable gentleman may gradually subside into the unprincipled blackguard. "That is all milk and water to what the

'Pennies' say of you. If you were to read the *Daily Telegraph*, you would go and drown yourself at once. Now, do you suppose that you would be any longer an acquisition to the office—that clients would have confidence in and respect for you? You had better try where you are not so well known. Good morning."

With despair at his heart, Bathurst hurried from the office; and it was some time before he could calm himself sufficiently to apply for employment elsewhere. When he did so he was unsuccessful, and when he returned home after office hours it was in a state of despair.

"Read that!" cried he, giving a copy of a paper which he had bought to his wife. "Read that mass of lies, artfully bound together by a thread of truth,

and see how a poor fellow who wishes to live honestly may be hounded to crime for the amusement of people who must have a lively article in their morning paper !"

Though her own heart sank within her, Mary strove to console her husband, whose dejection was terrible to witness.

"He has gone through this disappointment without taking refuge in drink," she thought; "then he was really in earnest !"

She strove to comfort him with the idea that the story would be forgotten in a week, and that then, with his legal knowledge, he could not fail in finding men ready to make use of him; and Bathurst believed her, and cheered up a bit.

But day after day passed by in fruitless attempts. No one would believe either in

his proficiency or integrity, and the path which led back to virtue appeared to be closed.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT THE JOHNSTONES WERE DOING ALL THIS TIME.

When Harry Johnstone heard of his father's bankruptcy and consequent flight to Boulogne, and illness there, he was anxious to go over to him at once. Minnie desired to accompany him, in order to give her mother-in-law the benefit of female company and consolation. The children would be as well on one side of the Channel as the other, and the only impediment to their going was

the doubt whether the journey would be agreeable to Mr. Cook. When the case was carefully explained to him, however, he was the first to propose that they should all go over together, and without delay.

He had perfectly well received the impression that, since he had made some arrangements with Mr. Johnstone for the keep and education of his daughter, and in consequence of his misfortune, had for many years discontinued his periodical payments, he must be considerably indebted to that gentleman. Of the hardness and ungenerous meanness with which Minnie had been treated by him, he had heard nothing; nor was he aware that her marriage with Harry had been in opposition to his wish; so he concluded that the bankrupt's present state of

insolvency had been preceded by several years of struggling against misfortune, which accounted sufficiently for Harry's pecuniary position not having been that which one is accustomed to expect for the son of a British merchant.

All difficulties being thus smoothed away, they started at once; and as they did not know anything about what was happening in the Bathurst family, and were not in the habit of perpetual correspondence, Minnie deferred writing Mary word of all that had happened, until she could tell her what had been done for her father.

At this time Mary Bathurst was still in the house at Teddington, attended by the faithful Sarah, and any letter would have reached her. A short time afterwards, when the letter did come, she had

bidden farewell to the honest servant, and had fled from her stripped and desecrated home. So the unfortunate epistle fell into the hands of a bailiff, who undertook to forward it, and did so—to his employer, who opened it, in expectation of finding some clue to the whereabouts of William Bathurst, whose corpus he wanted to arrest. Finding that it did not contain the desired information, he wished to close it again, for the purpose of transmitting it to the rightful owner when opportunity offered, but the paper was foreign, the envelope, stuck down with peculiar care, had been torn in the process of unfastening, and, altogether, the signs of its having been tampered with were so evident, that he thought it better to throw it into the fire and say nothing about it.

I beg the reader's pardon for occasionally sinning against the unity of Time; the worst of having three irons in the fire at once is the difficulty of keeping them all at a white heat together. Or, rather, I am more like the man who had to ferry a fox, a goose, and a sack of corn over the river in a boat which would only take himself and one of his possessions at a time; and yet that comparison will not hold good either, for the Johnstones sen. did not want to eat the Johnstones jun., or the Johnstones jun. the Bathursts. Still I have to ferry one of these families over a month or a week, as the case may be, and then go back for another; and I must implore the reader, if I have one, to believe that I endeavour to leave each as short a space in the rear as I can. The account of this letter ought perhaps

to have come in a chapter earlier or a page later; I feel it myself, but cannot bring it in naturally any where but just here. And now I have got over an apology which I have been longing to make for some time I feel relieved, and can sin away more comfortably.

When Mrs. Johnstone joined her bankrupt husband at Boulogne, she found him partially recovered from the effects of his fit, which had been slight so far as danger to life went, though either that or the reaction from the excitement of contest to the depression consequent upon final defeat, had produced a peculiarly enervating effect on his mind. The man who had been a petty tyrant in his family, was submissive, apathetic, and humiliated. He was irritable, it is true, but a word from his wife, to whom he yielded impli-

citly in everything, stilled his grumblings at once. Not that the good kind soul was too hard on him; she was too generous to apply her new authority to the paying off of old scores, and allowed him as much grumbling as she thought would do him good; but when he began to blow off more steam than was reasonable, she certainly shut up the safety-valve.

When a monarch abdicates he lays down his crown and sceptre; ministers ousted from their pleasant places of office hand over, with what grace they may, a mace, a seal, or a key to their more fortunate successors. Mr. Johnstone, immediately upon his wife's arrival, gave into her hands his purse and bank note book, an act which to those who knew the man was the most complete and unconditional surrender of authority that could be conceived;

he could not have declared her to be his better half more eloquently if he had presented her with his——By the bye that purse and pocket-book were wonderfully well stuffed, considering that "everything was given up to the creditors."

This is one of the problems of social life which has never yet been unriddled. We solvent individuals are obliged to practise self-denial and economy, but the unfortunates who are ruined periodically, and for whose assistance our purses are occasionally mulcted, despise such sordid qualities; they ride when we walk, feed on March lamb and April peas when we only dream of such dainties over our mutton and potatoes; sip their champagne and Lafitte at the table opposite to that at which we are modestly discussing our pint of stout and half pint of sherry. They

are always "coming to grief," but instead of falling into it, seem to bound over, and alight, none the worse, on the other side. Where do they get their money from? Who gives them credit?

Where do the pins go to? How is the circle to be squared? We may use up the printer's whole stock of notes of interrogation without coming upon a stiffer puzzle. No man who has not been trained by studying for a competitive examination for the honour of instructing small ploughboys in a government school, ought to attempt to make it out.

I do not mean to accuse Mr. Johnstone of direct dishonesty; he, like his son-in-law, had a number of unsaleable shares in various joint-stock companies, upon which calls were about to be made, and he may have considered that he was justified in

running away and sacrificing a property which might be valuable one day, but which he had not the means of retaining. And if he left enough behind him to satisfy all other claims upon his estate, people would not be hard upon him for carrying off sufficient to live upon. This may have been the state of the case, or it may not—commercial matters are bewildering to the uninitiated. So Mrs. Johnstone considered; the idea of fraud never entered her head; she asked no questions, and was pleased to find that they were better off than she had anticipated.

There was still, however, a great necessity for economy, and she removed speedily from the hotel where her husband had been taken ill, to a boarding-house kept by an English lady "who had known better days." All the boarders were her

countrymen and countrywomen, which was a great advantage, and cheap living was united with a gaiety which verged upon dissipation.

The young people danced, the old gambled dreadfully at Pope Joan, with counters at two sous the dozen; and though Mrs. Johnstone declined speculating for herself on "Matrimony" and "Intrigue," she was much amused by some of the others, especially two ancient ladies, the richest people in the house, who bore their gains and losses with far less equanimity than more desperate dicers usually display. The way in which one of them would appeal to former generations, to posterity, and to the present company, to declare whether any one ever had known, knew, or ever would know such bad luck as hers, when she lost two-

pence, was as good to witness as most theatrical entertainments.

Mr. Johnstone himself did not say much, but was evidently cheered by the company around him; and he would sit for a long time in enraptured silence, in the neighbourhood of the widow who owned the establishment—for that reduced lady was much given to dwelling on the faded light which had illuminated her in other days, when it seems that she had resided in Norfolk, and had lived in the very best society. Earls and marquises seemed, from her account, to be as plentiful in that favoured county as the turkeys and turnips with which vulgar minds principally associate it; while the untitled families were of older descent and better blood than those whose decently remote ancestors had sought to conceal their comparatively in-

ferior origin by accepting those patents of nobility which Plantagenets and Tudors had pressed upon all alike. And then she heaved a gentle sigh, as if reflecting that she herself belonged to one of these proudly humble families, but hoped that her auditors would not suspect it. Mr. Johnstone, however, did so; his aristocratic sympathies came out stronger than ever, now that he was free for the first time in his life from the contaminations of commerce. True, that his style of release was somewhat analogous to that by which Jonah was ejected from his whale lodging. But what of that? He was none the less so clear of it, that if he had made his appearance in the City of London next day, he would not have found a merchant, broker, or discounter willing to do business with him. And so he listened with

evident pleasure to the discourse of his hostess, and spoke himself of "his friend Lord Rosherville" and other noblemen with whom he had come in contact on various boards. But he spoke sparingly and timidly, not with his former arrogance and volubility.

So both the Johnstones liked Boulogne at first; and Mrs. Johnstone was impressed with the idea that it was a very cheap place to reside in, partly because it really was so, but principally in consequence of her inability to learn that francs were not shillings, of which latter coins it was her firm impression that she got twenty-five for a sovereign.

During the whole of their married life this old couple had never been so much to each other. The bankrupt's heart, weakened by illness, softened by adversity,

and touched by the haste with which his wife had come to his assistance, and the generosity with which she forbore to reproach him, even by her manner, was more open to genial influences than it had ever been before. As Mrs. Johnstone had never been a fast walker, she now made a good companion for her husband, whose right side was slightly paralysed, so as to oblige him to take an arm or use a stick. And thus they explored the new world into which destiny had transplanted them together; they visited the Etablissement, and watched the bathers, and walked on the pier, and made little excursions to the neighbouring heights, and really did not find ruin such a very bad thing.

But a serpent soon came into their Eden—a serpent?—two serpents. Mr.

Robert Shair and Mr. Gay Le Vanter, old acquaintances of Mr. Johnstone's, happened, unfortunately, to be likewise staying at Boulogne for the benefit of their health, which might too probably be affected by the personal confinement to which they would certainly be subjected, if caught in their native land. Now these gentlemen were boisterous and compromising. When they met Mr. Johnstone, which they were continually doing, they endeavoured, with the best intentions of consoling him in the world, to cheer him up by slapping him on the back, digging him in the ribs, telling him never to say die, and to keep up his pecker; assuring him that, in spite of his apparent failure, they did not swerve from the opinion they had always entertained, that he was a "knowing one," up to a wrinkle or

two, which would astonish the young ones, however sharp they might think themselves yet; and acting and speaking generally in a very plebeian manner. These men, with their compromising vulgarity, became such a nuisance to the Johnstones, that, if it had not been that they were anxious to hear from their children, and had told them to direct to Boulogne, they would have changed their place of exile.

They had received one letter from Mary Bathurst, but of a puzzling and unsatisfactory nature. Poor Mary would not add to her mother's anxiety by telling her so soon of her own troubles, and so she tried to account for her husband's absence from home, and remissness in not offering his services at once, in a natural manner. In doing this she was obliged

to let it be seen that William was away, and that she did not know where he had gone to, or how to communicate with him; which, to those who knew the man, and the terms upon which he had for ten years lived with his wife, was extremely mysterious. It roused Mr. Johnstone more than anything else had done since his illness. His wife's arrival had affected him, the conversation of his hostess had entertained him, and the meeting with Shair and Le Vanter had annoyed him; but this letter set him thinking and calculating.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. JOHNSTONE FORGIVES HIS SON.

THE old couple were walking up the pier, their daily custom at the time the packet from Folkestone was coming in, partly to enjoy the pleasure which everybody seems to derive from witnessing the sufferings of a fellow-creature who is undergoing the pangs of sea-sickness, partly in the hope of seeing one of their children among the passengers. The heaving vessel was just distinguishable in mid-channel—a long black smudge of smoke against the

clear sky showing them where to look for it.

"Do you think it is true that William has not heard of what has happened; or has Mary merely said that as an excuse for him?" asked Mr. Johnstone.

"Of course it is true—why should you doubt it?" replied Mrs. Johnstone, surprised by the sudden and unexpected clearness of thought evinced by her husband.

"Because," said he, "he may be thinking of Mary's dowry; it was never placed in his hands, you know, but remained in mine, and I paid him the interest. The money has all gone now, and I daresay that he will feel disappointed. If angry feelings of that description are now keeping him aloof, I forgive him, for it is only natural that he should be vexed.

Even a Christian cannot always stand the loss of money with equanimity; but a Christian can always forgive, and so I forgive him. It is sad and awkward, though, that he has made me no offer of assistance, for I own that I reckoned upon him to do several little things for me which ought to be settled soon."

"What fancies!" cried Mrs. Johnstone. "If William Bathurst knew what had happened, depend upon it you would have heard from him before this. Don't distress yourself, he will come over some day when you least expect it; I should not feel in the least surprised if he proved to be in the steamer yonder."

"I hope you are right—I hope you are right," said Mr. Johnstone, sadly shaking his head. "It would be too bad to be disappointed in the marriages of

both my children. I daresay you have often wondered at my inveteracy against Harry for throwing himself away as he did; but the fact is, that the misfortunes which reduced me to bankruptcy had commenced even then—I foresaw this day at the time, and wished to provide against it, but that headstrong and undutiful boy has placed it quite out of his power to help me, and I have only my daughter and her husband to depend on. If Harry would only have been guided by me, he might now have held a respectable position in society, have married well, and been able to assist his poor old father when he got into trouble; whereas now I might as well not have any son at all!"

"Come, come, do not say so; there will always be a home and a hearty

welcome for you with Harry and Minnie when you can return to England."

The old man shook his head.

"It is not likely," he said. "I have not behaved generously towards them, I own; for it is a bitter thing to be thwarted, successfully too, by one's own child, and I could never quite get over it; Harry will always feel that. Besides which, they are not too well off themselves, and have three children. No, no, it is to Mary we must look; she, at all events, has made a good marriage, one in accordance with my wishes, and if her husband does not come forward as I expected, she will soon bring him round. I am sorry, though, that he gave up his business, and I did not like to see him on such friendly terms with a man who has been one of the principal

causes of my misfortune. However, William has not sufficient spirit to hurt himself with speculation, so Major Leeson, as he calls himself, could not do him much harm."

While they were talking in this way, the steamer had been rapidly approaching, tardy as her course seemed to many a wretched passenger who stood with compressed lips and glassy eyes fixed longingly on the non-emetical shore; and now she glided into the harbour, and was presently moored to the pier.

"Look there!" cried Mrs. Johnstone; "why, there he is, I declare!"

"Who, William?"

"No; Harry. Do you not see him?—there, looking after his luggage. And there is Minnie and the three children;

and who can that old man be whom they have picked up, I wonder?"

In another minute they were all hand-shaking and kissing on the pier, surrounded by admiring and sympathising natives.

"Oh! mamma," cried Minnie, embracing her mother-in-law, "we came directly we heard and could get away."

"She came directly she heard and could get away," translated a Frenchman who knew English, for the benefit of those who did not.

"And we have found my father, who is with us. Papa, this is Mrs. Johnstone, my husband's mother."

"She introduces her father, who has apparently been lost, to her mother-in-law," explained the linguist.

"Oh! Harry," was all Mr. John-

stone could say as he grasped his son's hand.

The coals of fire were too hot for him in his enfeebled condition, and, for the first time since his beard had grown, he fairly broke down.

"The old man has once more met his 'Arree; see, he weeps," explained the interpreter, and several of the bystanders shed sympathetic tears and embraced.

A Toulourou seized the occasion with a military promptitude which augured well for the bâton coming some day out of his knapsack, and treated a plump bonne to a couple of hearty smacks on her fresh cheeks. *He* was not crying—the rogue!

At last it occurred to the junior Johnstone that they were not exactly in private, and at his suggestion the party

got into an omnibus and went at once to an hotel, where all sorts of mutual explanations took place.

Mr. Cook, whose cheerfulness and interest in life had become wonderfully awakened since he had discovered his daughter, and found himself suddenly changed from a lonely, friendless man into a father and grandfather, had a great desire to visit Paris; and as the Johnstones sen. were anxious to get away from the neighbourhood of Messrs. Shair and Le Vanter, it was arranged that they should all go on together in a day or two.

It was then that Minnie wrote to Mary that ill-fated letter which was destined never to be read by any one but the bailiff, in which she narrated all that had happened; said how she had found

her parents, and told her to direct her letters "*Poste Restante*, Paris," from which place she promised to write again directly they were settled, and tell her where to find them, in case she and William chose to join them.

This letter despatched, they waited until it had time to reach its destination, in case the Bathursts should then be on their way to Boulogne; and when there was no more likelihood of this, they left.

Both Mrs. Johnstone and Minnie wrote several times from Paris, but as they directed to Teddington, their letters all found their way into the Dead Letter Office; and though they thought it strange that they received no reply, and got no other answer than "*Non*" to all their inquiries at the *Poste Restante*,

they had such an exaggerated notion of the uncertainty of all foreign postal arrangements, and so firm a conviction that all letters were carefully perused by the authorities, and promptly suppressed if they contained any sentiments hostile to the government, laws, or religion of the country, that this silence gave them only a slight and passing sensation of uneasiness.

That nothing in the way of birth, death, or marriage had befallen them, they knew, for the younger Johnstone paid daily visits to a café, where the *Times* was taken, and by his wife's orders perused the "ladies' corner" carefully, "because," as that lady truly said, "it is so very awkward to ask anyone after their dead relations." If he had read the rest of the paper with equal care he might have

discovered part of the truth by seeing his brother-in-law's name in the Insolvent Debtor's Court, and shortly afterwards in the leader, which was written *apropos* of the disturbance in the billiard-room; but it was very seldom that he did more than skim the contents, and very often he did not even do that, but laid the paper down directly his task was accomplished. There was so much that was novel, amusing, and interesting all around him, even as he sat in the café, that it was impossible to keep his eyes fixed on the columns of a journal.

Then, in addition to the sights, sounds, and intoxicating whirl of the wonderful city to distract their thoughts, Minnie had her children and father to engross her attention; while Mrs. Johnstone, senior, found a constant occupation in looking after her

invalid husband, who had recovered rapidly up to a certain point, but did not seem able to get beyond it.

When the weeks went on accumulating, however, without bringing any news from her daughter, Mrs. Johnstone grew fidgety, and began to fear there was something wrong. Surely, if her own letters had reached her, Mary must have sent several replies, and they could hardly have *all* missed. Mr. Johnstone was convinced that the silence of the Bathursts arose from their indignation against himself, and their determination not to assist him, and he moralised at great length upon the way in which his expectations, regarding the conduct of his two children, upon the occasion of his downfall, had been completely reversed. Harry had a dozen different theories to account for his sister's

silence, but even he at last began to think it queer.

This general feeling of uneasiness grew very strong when the party was on the point of travelling on to a further distance from home. November had been a remarkably fine and warm month at Paris, but in the beginning of December it began to grow very cold, and Mr. Cook suffered so much from the change, that it was determined to spend the winter at Nice.

Now, though she had never yet found a letter for her at the post-office, Mrs. Johnstone none the less expected to have better luck from day to day; and she had a feeling, very general under similar circumstances, that directly they had left Paris the long-delayed epistle would arrive. This idea made her so uncom-

fortable, that Harry proposed to put an end to all doubt and anxiety by returning to England when he had once seen them all comfortably settled at Nice, and definitively finding out the cause of the Bathursts' silence; and the opposition he met with was so faint, that he put his plan into execution.

And so he received his final instructions.

"If William is treating Mary badly, bring her and the child away. And mind you wear your knitted worsted waistcoat all through the journey; and don't cross if there is a hurricane," said his wife.

"Ask at Boulogne for letters, and if there are any for me, open them. They may spare you the rest of the journey, or, at all events, tell you something we are at present ignorant of," said his mother.

"Harry, can you, do you think, while you are in England, make it convenient to run down to Acton? I should like to know how the house looks, and if the present inhabitants have kept the—the *Griffins* in good repair," whispered his father; and promising everything which every one wanted him to do, he finally got away.

He *did* find letters at Boulogne, but instead of causing his journey to end there, they made him anxious to hurry on the faster.

CHAPTER IX.

NEARING A CRISIS.

It was the third week in December; but the conventional signs and tokens of the approach of Christmas were wanting. The robin, who figures so prominently in the extra supplemental coloured engravings issued at this season by the illustrated papers, as reduced by want to the tameness of a canary, found savoury worms far too easy of extraction from the mud to care about insipid bread crumbs; the Waits were much more in want of goloshes

and waterproofs than of woollen comforters and mittens during their nocturnal rounds, and if their noses had the correct tone, they must have owed it to alcoholic drink rather than to frost bite. There was not a shiver of home-made fresh-frozen ice or a flake of snow in the kingdom. There hardly ever has been of late years. Has the climate of England really changed, I wonder, or was it always an exceptional thing to have Christmas weather at Christmas? Our pocket-books mark the sixth of January as "Old Christmas Day," and the week may have made all the difference then, as at present, for we generally have some wintry weather at the beginning of the year. Or, as Christmas is so intimately associated in the English mind with eating and drinking, and as the human stomach can take in more and

digest it better during a sharp frost than in any other condition of the atmosphere, the minds of men may have fastened with loving tenacity upon certain seasons of ice, snow, bright skies, tame robins, roaring fires, boundless festivity, and voracious keenness of appetite, and may have forgotten that a Christmas of that description comes considerably less often than "once a year."

As for the revival of the belief in all the exceptional and, alas! semi-mythical delights and jollifications attendant upon the principal Christian festival of the year, we all know whose work that has been. It would not be a bad plan for many people to pack up certain books of Mr. Dickens's, and, flying from their families to some lonely village, to endeavour, with the aid of a roaring fire, unlimited tobacco, and

a sufficiency of punch, to identify themselves for the Christmas week with one of that author's ideal groups; some of us might by this means avoid the gloom which the annual festivity throws over the entire winter.

As far as the weather went, this was an average, not a picturesque Christmas; and the poor who could get no fire, no blankets, no shoes or stockings; and the bricklayers, who were able to continue their work, and go on earning their bread; and the millions to whom a sharp appetite was neither a novelty nor an advantage; and the aged, who suffered from bronchitis; the consumptive, to whom frosty air was like pounded glass—all these had the bad taste to rejoice.

The long continuance of wet, muggy weather made Tom's Row a very unpleas-

ant habitation, however; and as the inhabitants of that seedy quarter were not of a class which suffers from the absolute want of food and coals, they might, as a rule, perhaps, have preferred a more seasonable temperature. The damp trickled down the staircase walls and came out in great blotches on the paper of the bedrooms; the banisters were clammy and sticky, and seizing the handle of a door was like catching hold of a frog—indeed, a blind man, groping his way about one of the houses, might very well have imagined himself in Egypt at the time of the frog-plague. Pervading the air there was a musty close smell, in which at some times the knacker's yard, at others drains, predominated, but which was generally undefinable when sniffed for, though the sense of it could never be got rid of.

This, then, was the drawback which Mary Bathurst had puzzled over—this was the reason why the lodgings were to be had on such cheap terms. The money paid was only a small part of the charge —the real rent was levied on the health. And on whose health? The father's sallow cheek and sunken eye were attributable principally to his own excesses; the anxiety of mind which Mary was suffering from would have dimmed her beauty as effectually in the purest air of the mountains as it had in the fetid atmosphere of Tom's Row; it was upon the child that the poisonous influences around first began to act. There could be no doubt about it—Louey's health was suffering; she did not relish her food, did not care to play, but was quiet, silent, and slept a great deal.

It was ten o'clock in the morning;

Mary Bathurst sat by the fire, knitting some child's worsted stockings, a task she pursued with a little difficulty, for Louey sat in her lap, with her eyes closed and her pale face resting against her bosom. William Bathurst was fidgeting about the room, biting his nails, looking out of window, sitting down, getting up again hastily, sighing, glancing at his wife and looking away when he caught her eye; evidently at his wits' end.

"William!" said Mary, rousing herself from a long reverie.

"Yes, Mary!" cried her husband, dropping the sofa pillow, the button at the end of which he had been twiddling till it was nearly off.

"This can go on no longer," continued Mary. "You *must* get something to do. I changed on Monday the last five-pound

note of that money I have been hoarding up, and in a little time we shall be penniless—do you understand?—literally penniless. If you cannot obtain the place of head clerk, try for that of an inferior one—employment of some sort you must get. It is nonsense to say that a man with your education and professional knowledge cannot get anything to do. If the large firms will have nothing to say to you, go to the pettifoggers, some of them surely are not so particular about character as to refuse the services of a clerk who could be so useful to them as you could, because he had been made the text of a moral essay in the *Times*."

"I will go and try again," said Bathurst, despondingly.

"Yes, but not as you have tried be-

fore; you must use a little energy; force yourself upon people, and make them understand that you can be of service to them."

"But—but I cannot make them employ me if they will not."

"Oh! yes, you could, if you were really in earnest; other men manage to get on who have not half your knowledge or ability. Oh! if I were but a man!"

"You are enough to drive a fellow desperate, talking in that unreasonable manner!"

"Oh! William!—William! what a childish state that drink has brought you to! Desperate indeed! When have I talked about your conduct having driven me—me, a poor weak woman, not brought up to these hardships—to desperation? And

yet I am near it now. I could bear up against poverty, disgrace, anything which only affected myself, without a murmur; but Louey is suffering—this place is undermining her health, and I must and will remove her at the beginning of next week; the rent is paid in advance for this. Where to go, and how to move without money, I cannot tell yet, but go I will. Oh! if—if it should be too late! —if the dear's health is seriously endangered! But that is impossible—I dare not think it. Oh! William, go now; you *must* be successful this time; do you hear? Our child's health, perhaps her life, depends upon it."

"Trust me," replied William Bathurst, pressing his hat firmly on his head. "Happen what may, I will not return empty-handed."

And he started from the house at a great pace, and in an exalted state of mind, such as carries men on occasions into mined breaches. He was not altogether bad, and had his unselfish impulses, this poor weak mortal; and if he could have placed his wife and child back in comfortable prosperity by some act of self-sacrifice at that moment, he would have done it. If any one had just then offered him a deed binding him to distasteful labour for the remainder of his days, on terms favourable to his family, but irksome to himself, he would have signed it without hesitation.

His wife's appeal, the words of which were nothing to the look, the tone, the agony which accompanied them; the sickness, or, rather, the failing health of the child, brought before his notice so

earnestly and suddenly, had quite thrown his mind off its balance. That pale, weary, listless little figure, with the mother's eager, terror-struck face bending over it, haunted him with a vividness which his shattered nerves could not contend against.

And so it happened that the earnestness of his appeals for employment helped to prevent his getting it. A lawyer would feel the same repugnance to entrusting his business to a man who seemed half-mad, or drunk, that a chemist would to selling prussic acid to a hatless dishevelled customer, with bloodshot eyes and untied neckcloth, who demanded the commodity in the deep tones of melodrama. A greater repugnance, for it would be quite a chance if the suicide injured any one but himself, while the mischief done

by a mad or intoxicated lawyer's clerk would fall almost entirely upon his employer and his clients.

CHAPTER X.

CONTINUATION.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, William Bathurst found himself in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and utterly at fault. The acute pain and apprehension which had goaded him on in the earlier part of the day, had given way to a dull, heavy sense of impending calamity—a conviction that he was abandoned by God and man, and might as well try what the devil would do for him, if he got the chance. He could have sobbed out, torn his hair, knocked his head against the wall if he

had been alone; but a man, or, at least, an Englishman, with the smallest infusion of the sense of the ridiculous peculiar to his race, does not play such pranks in public unless his senses are *quite* gone.

Bodily faintness was added to mental suffering; he had eaten nothing—more, had drunk nothing all day, and a minute inspection of his pocket showed him that he had not a sixpence with which to satisfy a very tormenting craving.

One thing he was quite determined upon, he would not go home empty-handed. If he had to pass the night in the streets, he would do so; if he had to wander about till he perished of cold and starvation, he would so perish before he returned again to his wife and child and said, "I have no employment, I have no money, so I have come to eat and drink

up the few shillings which remain to you." Eh? There were weaker men than him walking about, and before it came to that he would try to rob one such. Crime? Well, what of that? He would not go home without money, and it was cold weather for a doorstep. He was not inured to hardship, and—well, and he knew that in another hour or two he should feel as if he could murder a man for a dram.

That such devilish fancies should be working in the mind of the timid, obedient pupil of Dr. Beebee, of the youth of quiet habits, who refrained from worldly amusements, and went with his mother to Exeter Hall meetings—of the easy, submissive, uxorious husband! That Mary should, by her taunts and appeals, have excited such a man!

Wandering along the pavement in a listless, bewildered way, he stopped at every doorway, hardly knowing what he was doing, and read the names painted on either side of those who had chambers on the staircase. One of these arrested his attention more than the others:

MR. F. SOLLY, *Agent.*

When he had passed on some little way he turned back almost mechanically, and found himself reading it again, and slowly discovered that it was the word *Agent* which attracted him.

An agent is one who gains his livelihood by acting in some way for other people, and who must therefore come into contact with a great variety of men. What more likely than that a man of this kind should be able to put him in

the way of getting employment? No harm in asking, at any rate. And he began to ascend the stairs.

Mr. Solly's chambers were at the very top of the house, immediately under the roof, in fact, so that it was to be hoped that Mr. Solly's clients were not of a class to whom a vast multiplicity of stairs would suggest any disagreeable reminiscences of grinding nothing, as also that there was no one amongst them of very corpulent habit or of weakly lungs.

At last he reached the highest landing; and there was the name sure enough painted on the outer door, which was shut.

Never mind; the outer doors of chambers are sometimes closed through inadvertence, or fear of duns, and it is

quite possible to gain admittance, nevertheless. So Bathurst knocked and kicked till he was convinced it was of no use; and then he sat down on the stairs, which was some slight relief, seeing that he had been walking and standing about for the last seven hours.

The staircase was perfectly quiet, not the slam of a door, not a footfall—nothing to disturb him as he sat there on the top step, with his elbows on his knees, and his face buried in his hands; and he would have presently fallen asleep if it had not been for the visions—the mirages, rather—which were so vividly depicted before his eyes whenever he closed them.

Now it was a glass of delicate stem and broad saucer top, filled with creaming, bubbling, pinky champagne; he could

see the dew on the outside of the glass, which bore witness to the careful icing; he could positively hear the soft hiss of myriad bursting bubbles. Now the picture dissolved, and gave place to a bumper of ruby port, with a mysterious sunbeam imprisoned within it. And now it was a steaming tumbler of punch, that appeared to be just within reach of his lips, and whose fragrance seemed actually floating under his nostrils.

Mechanically and hopelessly he roused himself, and once more turned out his pockets. Ass, dolt, idiot that he was, to suffer all this when he possessed all the while a silver pencil-case and a gold ring! What were pawnbrokers for if a man was to die of thirst and exhaustion with such valuables to convert into money?

In a minute he was down the stairs, across Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and through the Turnstile into Holborn, looking out for a pawnbroker's. He had not far to seek; no man need spend much time in hunting, in any of our great cities, for a shop with the three balls—sign, they say, of two to one against redemption—hanging over it. He hesitated at the "private entrance;" everyone but a medical student does so hesitate, I believe, the first time—and then summoned resolution to put his foot on the doorstep. A man who was coming out brushed against him, stopped, seized him by the arm, and said, in a low voice—

"What!—you here?"

"Lee——" began Bathurst.

"Hush! don't mention names here,"

said Leeson, hastily; "besides, I have changed mine for the present. Look here, don't go to your uncle this time—I'll stand something. This is all chance, anyhow; I have not sought you out, but let you alone, as I promised; if I run up against you, I can't help it."

Talking rapidly in this way, Leeson drew his friend into the street, and led him back the way he had come; through the Turnstile into Lincoln's-Inn Fields again, and across to the very staircase, up to the very door he had just quitted.

Bathurst thought he was dreaming.

"But this is the agent's, Mr. Solly's!" he cried at length.

"I am as much of an agent as of anything else, and my name is Solly just now."

"You! Your name! Why, I have been calling on you then without knowing it, and sitting here outside your door for ever so long!"

Leeson broke out into one of his old bursts of laughter.

"Have you?" he cried, opening first the outer and then the inner doors; "then it is about time that you came in, I should say. There is a regular fatality about it; we cannot keep away from each other, try all we may. Sit down there, the fire will burn up presently. Our stars must have —just hand me the bellows—have crossed or something, been in conjunction, I think they call it. Have some sherry—there you are; and here are the biscuits. There is some dinner coming up in half an hour, and there will be enough for two, I have no doubt."

The room in which Bathurst found himself was small, with a sloping ceiling, and a window which you could not see out of without getting upon a chair, and through which the daylight came in a most parsimonious manner, being obstructed by certain balustrades, which added much to the ornamental appearance of the building from the outside, if anyone were to look so high, but which entailed an extravagant consumption of oil or tallow upon the darkling tenant, and gave, besides, a certain prison appearance to the apartment, which would have been considered by some people as a serious drawback to the lodging. But when the curtain was drawn, the lamp lighted, the fire blazing—when he had drunk four glasses of sherry, eaten a few biscuits, and had got a pipe lighted, Bathurst thought

his friend's habitation one of the most cheerful places he had ever been in in his life.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. F. SOLLY, AGENT.

"Poor old buffer!" exclaimed Leeson, surveying his guest. "You do look seedy, worn, and down on your luck, and no mistake. And they say I have brought you to this, and have ruined you! If so, I never meant it. I never did you out of a sixpence, knowingly—that I'll swear. I have preyed on plenty of men, I grant, but never on you. You have backed bills for me, and had to meet them; but then *I* backed bills for *you*, and I never

meant to let you in. I am a thoughtless, reckless sort of fellow, I know, and when with friends, I out with what is uppermost in my thoughts, and ask them to join me in whatever I am at. And we always were good friends, old fellow, and that may have been unlucky for you."

"What makes you talk like that?" said Bathurst in surprise. "I am a free agent, I suppose; I have come to years of discretion! Who has put all that into your head?"

"Your wife, Billy! Ah! she is of a good sort, and we have treated her rather badly."

"My wife!" cried Bathurst, more and more surprised.

"Yes; did she not tell you of my calling one day? Why, you must have wondered what had become of me."

"I did rather, but supposed you were keeping out of the way for fear of being arrested on a charge of assaulting that fellow."

"And so I was," returned Leeson; "but only for a day or two. I thought the beggar had got his gruel at first, and was in the police-court, disguised, to see how affairs were going, ready to clear you if the matter got serious. For you behaved like a trump in that affair, and I was not going to leave you in the lurch. When I saw how little punishment the fellow had got, hardly enough to clear my score with him, I just followed him home quietly, and kept rather in the background for a day or two until he left London. But I called on you, though; you were out, and I had an interview with Mrs. Bathurst. Well,

she gave it to me hot and strong—told me a few home truths, which had not occurred to me before, and showed me, to my astonishment, that I was the sole cause of her misfortunes and the ruin of her child's future prospects and present health; that, not content with ruining you in pocket, I had made you a gambler and a drunkard. In short, she beat me altogether, proving that I had been a very devil to the only fellow I ever had a real friendship for in my life. When I say that she proved this, I mean that she made it out so rationally as fairly to bother me, so that I could not answer her; and though I knew very well that if I were not a saint, a character to which I never laid any claim, at least I was not such a devil as she made me out, I still thought it possible that she

was right, so far as my habits being unsuitable for a domestic married man went, and I pledged her my word to give you a wide berth, and leave you to her for a spell. And as I have rather a weakness for sticking to my promises, and shortly afterwards—that very afternoon of my interview with your wife, in fact—I began to play a somewhat dangerous game, into which I was glad not to have drawn you, I carefully avoided you. But, you see, Fate has thrown us together again, and I must say that you do not seem to have thriven in my absence."

"Ah! that indeed I have not!" said Bathurst. "And you?"

"I ran very low for a day or two; now I am better, but the game is too dangerous, besides being excessively low

and ungentlemanly. I shall give it up directly I can hit upon something better."

"But it pays? If so, let us be partners once more; I am pretty well desperate —game for anything."

Leeson shook his head.

"We will talk of that afterwards," said he.

"But tell me," said Bathurst, "have you been keeping these chambers under the name of 'Solly' for long? because I never heard you mention it."

"Only a few days," replied the other.

"But the painting in the passage downstairs and over the door here is not fresh."

"Oh! no; there has been a real Solly here for a long time, and I have stepped into his shoes; but it is a long story, and rather a strange one—I will tell it you after dinner. And here it comes!" cried

Leeson, as he heard a heavy footfall on the stairs.

The meal was a simple but satisfactory repast of meat, vegetables, bread, and cheese, and beer, from a neighbouring eating-house; and when Bathurst had restored himself with a fair proportion of these viands—when the tray with the empty plates, &c., had been carried out, and placed on a slab on the landing—when the doors had been carefully closed, and he sat by the fire with a glass of hot grog on the mantel-piece, he felt that he had taken too gloomy a view of things in general a while ago. He would be able to earn a living somehow, now Leeson was there to help him; his child would recover her health, directly she was removed from a place the air of which evidently did not agree with her, and that removal should

take place at once; Mary's relations must soon find her out, and then Harry Johnstone would get him some employment. In the meantime Leeson would put him up to gaining what was needful for present expenses; Leeson, or Solly rather.

CHAPTER XII.

LEESON'S STORY.

"By-the-bye, now is the time to tell me how you came to be Solly," said Bathurst.

"All right," said Leeson. "It is a queer story enough, but true—every word of it. You must know that after that row I was rather at a loss what to do next. The billiard-rooms were in a manner closed against me, for I am known at a great many of them; and even if I went to a place where I was a stranger, how could

I play my game with my mind in a state of expectation that every fresh-comer into the room would recognise me? I thought that I would try to get my living by giving fencing lessons, though London is the worst capital in Europe for a good swordsman to look for appreciation and encouragement in, the English being most unaccountably indifferent to an art which can render an umbrella or ordinary walking-stick an admirable weapon of defence. However, there is no harm in trying, so I went to one of the principal fencing-schools to know if they wanted an assistant; and in the room I met an old comrade, who had been in the same regiment with me in the Austrian service, and whose face I thought I had seen once or twice during the last year, though I had never been close enough

to him to make sure—Tranter his name was, one of the biggest scamps I ever messed with, and, to own the truth, that is saying a great deal. Well, we got talking about old days, and I quite forgot what I had come about, and left the place without even asking whether they required my services. Indeed, I thought Tranter might put me up to something better—and so he did, only he did not mean it, bad luck to him! He asked me to go home with him, which I did, to a comfortable lodging he had close by in South Audley Street. As we entered I heard a suspicious rustle, and saw something like brown silk whisking out of an opposite door.

"'What!' I cried—'are you married?'

"'Well,' says he, 'and if I were, would

it be more strange than that you should be in that predicament?"

"'Am I married? So I am,' says I; 'I declare I had forgotten it'—and so I had for the moment.

"'But no,' he continued, 'I am not married, worse luck; if I were I could stop quietly in England, instead of having to bolt off by steamer at five o'clock to-morrow morning.'

"'Has she money?'

"'Yes, a little, with a jewel or two.'

"'Then you mean to marry her when you get on the continent?'

"'No; there would be no use in that—at least, while her husband is alive.'

"'Phew!'

"Tranter burst out laughing at the long face I pulled.

"'Have you never run off with another man's wife yourself?'

"'Well, I cannot deny that I have,' I replied; 'but she did not take her husband's money-box with her.'

"'No,' said he, 'but you maimed him for life. Come, a bullet given *versus* a few jewels taken, there is not much to choose between us. But hang trifles!—I have a favour to ask of you, and there is no time to spare. I have been looking about all day for an old friend of the right sort, and that was why I went to the fencing-room. I have been lucky, for if I had had my pick out of all the world, you are the man I should have selected.'

"'No good in this country,' said I, shaking my head. 'We *hang* seconds as well as principals. I'll go with you over the water if you will pay my expenses, and

do what I can for you. But I tell you fairly that, under the circumstances, I do not think he will meet you. Is he English?'

"'No,' said Tranter, 'Italian. But I have no idea of fighting him; all I want is to get clear off without his finding out where I have gone to. If you will listen, I will tell you how you can assist me. About five years ago,' continued Tranter, 'I came over to England with a man named Solly, who was my partner in certain schemes, which it would be of no use to explain now. Suffice it that we had occasionally to see different people whom we did not wish to come to our private residences, or to meet us in public places of entertainment, and we therefore took a set of chambers, the cheapest we could get, in Lincoln's-Inn

Fields, under Solly's name, who called himself an agent, which, in a certain sense, he was, and there we saw our clients. A year and a half ago Solly went on business to Lyons, and circumstances occurred there which determined him, somewhat suddenly, to settle in the salubrious country of Cayenne, without troubling himself to return to England. I found it convenient, however, to keep the chambers on under his name, so I have continued to pay the rent as for Solly, stating myself to be his agent, and telling the people who live somewhere underground, and "do" for the staircase (and the family was changed by-the-bye a couple of months ago), that the real owner may come back any day. These precautions seem strange, I dare say, but it would be too long a story to enter

into my reasons for taking them. The important point is that our Italian suspects me of being connected with his signora's disappearance, and is therefore probably watching for me about Lincoln's-Inn Fields, as he does not know of my present lodging, at least I hope not. Indeed, I feel so sure that he is hanging about that quarter all day, and that he will not employ any one besides himself to trace me until he has some certainty to go upon, that I have gone fearlessly about other parts of the town. Now, the favour I ask of you is this. I want you to go to my chambers to-night, get some papers and other things which I will specify to you more particularly, and bring them to me at the wharf early to-morrow morning.'

"'But,' said I, 'the people who have

charge of the staircase will think I am a burglar.'

"'I have thought of that,' replied Tranter; 'dine here with me, and I will send a letter to them, saying that the long-expected Mr. Solly has arrived; and, as they have never seen him, they will have no suspicion that you are not the real tenant when you walk in. There is half a year's rent paid in advance, so you can keep the chambers for that time, if they will be of any use to you. The contents of the room, with the exception of what you bring to me, will constitute your share of the bargain. What do you say?'

"'Why,' I replied, 'the affair has its little risks; what may be the value of said *contents?*'

"'About thirty pounds,' said Tranter;

'if you are timid or squeamish; five or six hundred if you know how to improve the opportunity. No, I will not speak clearer now; when you have handed me the articles I want to-morrow morning, I will give you the clue.'

"Well, you know, I was hard up, and, besides, I always liked a bit of an adventure, so I made a bargain of it; and then Tranter sent off the note which made me Mr. Solly, the proprietor of these chambers. After that we dined, and Tranter sealed our agreement with a fiver, with which I went to my lodgings, paid off a week's rent I owed, packed up my traps, and drove here in a four-wheel cab. The people who have the care of the chambers received me without a moment's suspicion, and carried my boxes up to this room, where they

had already lighted a fire, as well as in the bedroom yonder, where the sheets and things were all put out to air, not without wanting that precaution, for they steamed like a horse after a forty minutes burst. But talking is dry work—let us drink the health of the real Solly, the poor devil out there in Cayenne."

CHAPTER XIII.

LEESON'S STORY CONCLUDED.

THIS act of disinterested benevolence having been performed, Leeson resumed:

"I had no difficulty in finding the things Tranter wanted—they only made two parcels, which I could stow away in my pockets. I can always awake at any hour I wish, so I turned in early, and by four o'clock next morning I was up and dressed, with the papers, &c., carefully stowed away about me. It was still dark, and the weather was stormy and

blustering; the pavement seemed to be quite deserted; but for all that I kept a bright look-out, with a stout walking-stick I carried ready for use. And it was well I took that precaution, for I had not gone a dozen yards before a figure, enveloped in a cloak, glided out of an archway, and made a rush at me with something shining in his right hand as he came on. However, I was ready for him, and, turning round sharply with my stick raised, I asked him what he wanted. I am just about Tranter's height and figure, and have no doubt that it was the Italian who had seen his enemy, as he thought, arrive in the evening, and had waited for him all this time. When he heard my voice, however, he stopped short, murmured something, and fled into the night. I got a Hansom as soon as I could, and rattled

off to a wharf below London Bridge, where I found Tranter, the lady having already got on board, and gave him the packages. He was glad to get them, no doubt, but I think he would have been still better pleased if either I had killed the Italian, or the Italian had killed me and got arrested for it; for the safety accruing to him from either of which events he would, I fancy, have gladly sacrificed his papers. I may do him injustice, but that is my opinion from his manner.

"Having got what he wanted, he was just hurrying on board, when I reminded him that he had not told me how I was to profit by my acquisition of Mr. Solly's name and apartments.

"'Ah! true,' said he, 'you have done me a service, and I almost wish you would not ask. Well, do not get impatient, I

will tell you. Go to the bureau, unscrew the handle of the top right-hand drawer, and you will see the end of a wire; pull out that wire with a pair of pincers, and it will then be possible to draw out the little panels which form the pigeon holes. Having removed all these, you will see a knot in the wood at the back, press this knot, and you will find there is a false back to that part of the bureau. I will say no more; make use of what you find there—destroy it, or leave it alone, on your own responsibility.'

"The bell began ringing, we shook hands, and he hurried on board, while I returned here, and went to bed again for an hour or two.

"When I thought over the affair at breakfast, I came to the conclusion that Tranter had been hoaxing me with his

story of secret drawers and concealed treasures; anything portable which was worth having, he was pretty sure to have carried off himself. However, there was the bureau itself at all events, rather a handsome walnut affair, as you may see, and worth something if dinners grew scarce. For anything else, had it been the first of April, I should have delayed my investigations for another day; but as it was December, and there was no one present to laugh at me, I determined to see on what morsel of fact the story was founded; there might, at all events, be some pipes or cigars or something useful of that sort in the drawers. So when the breakfast things were cleared away and the bed made, I closed the outer door, locked the inner one, and went to the bureau. Tranter had given me all the

keys of the place, so I opened the desk part and examined the right-hand top drawer. It was a dummy, and would not pull out, but the knob unscrewed as he had said, and, sure enough, when it was removed, I saw the end of a bit of wire. The operation grew interesting. With some difficulty and a pair of scissors, I got hold of the end of this wire and drew it out, and then found I could remove the pigeon-hole partitions. The knot in the wood became visible, I pressed it, and in five minutes found myself the possessor of a rouleau of fifty sovereigns, and one hundred and twenty five-pound Bank of England notes."

Bathurst started up in astonishment.

"Nonsense, you are joking!" cried he.

"Not a bit of it; I will show them to you," replied Leeson.

"What, real sovereigns and notes?"

"Well, if not real, such very good imitations that I would have taken one of them for genuine myself any day, and I much mistake if you would not have done the same; one of the notes, that is —of the gold I am more suspicious."

"Why, they are—they are FORGED!" said Bathurst, in a low tone, and turning deadly pale.

"My dear fellow!" returned the other, "what an uncharitable supposition! How are we to know anything about that? I pledged my watch for five pounds two days ago, and redeemed it this afternoon with one of the notes; the pawnbroker seemed to think it all right, and he ought to be a better judge than I am."

"Good heavens! what a risk!"

"I have experimented upon the gold by buying one or two articles worth two pounds odd, and paying for them with three sovereigns, two ordinary ones and one of these; but as the pawnbrokers will not advance anything like the real value upon goods, this is not a paying speculation, and I mean to drop it."

The fumes of drink which had begun to mount in Bathurst's head, dispersed; a sort of horror seemed to gather round his heart and shiver through his veins; the good that was in him shuddered on being brought for the first time, in cold blood, face to face with crime. For as the body shrinks back instinctively from physical, so will the soul recoil from spiritual death; and though both these component parts of man may become inured by habit to particular dangers, a new form of peril

will again try the hardened nerves, a fresh description of sin will startle anew the sleeping conscience.

"If they should be—not all right," said Bathurst at last, "and you issue many of them, they are almost sure to be traced."

"Ah! that is why I am so careful," replied the other. "I never take out more than the one note I am going to cash at a time, and leave the rest in the secret place; and I always concoct a probable account of how the uncertain article came into my hands before starting."

"I do not like it."

"No more do I—and I never mean to pass one of the things unless I am positively obliged; I have only got rid of four, and that will last me for some

time, till I hit upon some less risky way of getting supplies, I hope."

"Oh! yes," said Bathurst; "you will start a fencing establishment, will you not, and let me be your partner; you could make me of service somehow? Or think of something else, you are so clever in expedients. In the meantime, my wife is without money, my child is not well in that Row, my brother-in-law does not answer his sister's letters—we must hear of him soon—money I must have, if I garotte some one. We do not *know* that those notes are not all right; let me have some, and give me a percentage for cashing them."

"Nonsense," replied Leeson; "if you like to try your luck, take as many as you will, and keep them. You had better let it alone, though."

"I will be very careful—very sparing; my wife will make five pounds go a long way, and aid must come soon. Besides, the pawnbroker must have detected anything suspicious. Probably the notes are not forged, after all," repeated Bathurst.

"Right you are!" laughed his companion. "Tranter is just the fellow to leave one a pretty little legacy of this description; what are a few hundreds to a rich man like that? All is serene, then; the money is genuine, and—we will be very cautious how we use it. And now mix yourself another tumbler, and let us talk of something else."

"Have you seen anything more of that Italian?" asked Bathurst, obeying both recommendations.

"Yes; he called upon me the other day, and offered me almost anything if I

would put him on Tranter's track; but I have not come to that yet—one has highway robbery, burglary, and murder to exhaust before one comes to treachery."

Absurd and highflown as this sounds, Leeson was perfectly in earnest. Whether it was the result of his mental constitution or of his early education, nothing would have induced him, even in his present degraded state, to be guilty of a breach of trust. If a boy gets plenty of religion, virtue, or honour rubbed into him, some of it is sure to stick, and show out every now and then in the most inconsistent manner, however badly he may turn out in after life, and it is always possible that this little leaven of good may begin working, which, to parents and guardians, is a slight en—in the midst of so much dis—courage-ment.

For the rest, what the ex-Major said of himself was very true; he never meant to injure Bathurst; it is presumable that what a man does, seems to him at the moment the best thing to be done—and so he naturally draws a weaker companion in with him, with no more intention of injuring his friend than of hurting himself, which no man ever yet did on purpose. The saint who scourges himself does so to shovel off future purgatorial coals, applying, as it were, a mustard poultice, for the reduction of a prospective inflammation. The suicide hopes to escape from omnipresent fate by his act; it is illogical of him, but that is his idea. No one ever injured himself intentionally, and whatever course Leeson had ever recommended to Bathurst he had followed himself.

At this moment, however, he regretted having met him again; he had intended to keep the secret of the notes from him, but it had somehow come out. And, after all, the poor fellow wanted money very badly, and this seemed to be the only way of getting it just then. In fine, the thoughts and feelings of the two men seated there, opposite to one another, were as confused, vague, and contradictory as human sentiments can well be.

At last, however, they managed to put off all future considerations to the morrow; and after it had been arranged that Bathurst should take a shake-down for the night on the sofa, they settled fairly to conviviality.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIN AND SORROW.

BATHURST left his home on the Thursday morning; on the Saturday evening following he was returning to it. He had resolved not to go back penniless, and had kept his resolution; he had money—eight sovereigns in his pocket. The possessor of that sum, gained, too, in a couple of days, should walk along the streets of London with the confidence of a proprietor striding over his own land. The wares in the shop windows are set

out so temptingly for him; for him the gas-reflectors are arranged so as to throw the strongest possible light upon them; for him the odour of a hundred restaurants rushes out of the swing-doors, and hovers in the air; for him fiddlers are tuning their instruments, actors painting their faces, cooks sweltering over furnaces, human advertisements undergoing the Chinese-barrel punishment, or wearing illuminated hats, *poses plastiques* shivering in the smallest amount of clothing tolerated by the law, cabs plying, little beggars sweeping the crossings, ex-ragged schoolboys kneeling before their shoe-blacking apparatus—all for him. Why, then, did Bathurst glance timidly about, as if he feared to be looked at? Why did he slink by the policeman, who was on duty for his especial protection? The

artisans around him jostled cheerily homewards with a more elastic tread than usual, conscious of the week's wages in their pockets, and he had as much as half-a-dozen of them put together in his. Was not he, too, going home with his earnings, and had he not gained them on harder terms than they had? They had given their time, their skill, and their sweat for their shillings. The employer he had elected to work for was more exacting. Pharaoh's task-masters were hard men, and Yankee contractors have the reputation of being exceedingly severe, but neither in Egypt nor in America has there ever existed a tyrant who could match the devil.

Bathurst tried to divert his thoughts from all things but this; he was going back to his wife with sufficient money to

enable her to remove with their child to some more healthy lodging, and to stave off want for the present. I know that a model criminal ought not to have any natural affection, and that some good people consider it immoral to credit an offender against the law with any motives of action which are not purely selfish and bad; but Bathurst was not a model criminal, or a model anything else—he was a poor, weak, erring, remorseful, inconsistent being, acting under different and even hostile influences alternately; ready to sacrifice those he loved to his selfishness one hour, equally ready to make any atonement possible or impossible the next.

As he approached Tom's Row his dread of consequences, and his horror of the means by which he had obtained the

money, faded out, and for the time he only thought of the relief it would bring, so that it was with a feeling of positive gladness that he entered the house, and hastened eagerly upstairs.

There was no one in the sitting-room, which was in darkness; but Mary came down almost immediately with a light.

"Oh! Mary, I have got some money, as I promised; see here—eight——"

"Hush!"

Bathurst was inexpressibly shocked when he caught sight of his wife's face and figure. It was only eight o'clock in the evening, and yet she was in her dressing-gown and slippers; her dishevelled hair, drawn back off her face anyhow, to be out of the way, looked as if it had not been properly tended for days; her eyelids were heavy, swollen, and red with

watching, the hollows underneath so black and discoloured they almost appeared to have been bruised; while in the eyes themselves, and about the mouth, there was an expression of grief and terror, such as no one but the custom-hardened doctor could have looked on without a thrill.

"What is the matter?" he asked in a terrified whisper; "are you ill?"

Mary shook her head.

"Is Louey—worse?"

"Yes," she replied, striving to command her feelings, unable to utter more without breaking down.

"But it is nothing serious—speak, dear; do not look like that, but tell me."

And he took the candle from her, and drew her into the sitting-room.

"It is only a little delicacy, is it? And she will soon be as well as ever when we get her away from this wretched sickly neighbourhood," he continued. "See here, I have got money, enough for you to move with into the country if you think it best, and——"

Mary flung herself into a chair, and burst into a passion of weeping, which almost caused her husband, who had never witnessed such an outbreak either in her or any one else before, to fear for her reason.

"It is of no use now," she sobbed. "She has got a fever, and is very, very ill. Oh! William, why did you not come before? What I have suffered!—oh! what I have suffered you cannot think. She is *dying*, William—I am certain of it! Oh! my child, my child!"

The paroxysm did not last long, hardly a minute; her feelings had been pent up like a mountain torrent by a dam, which, the sluice being opened, bursts out with overwhelming force at first, but soon resumes its ordinary course. The necessity of constant attendance upon the sick child, the absence of anyone to sympathise with her had forced her, to be calm until now; but when she found herself alone with the only human being who could in any measure share her grief, the anguish of her soul would be no longer denied an outlet.

But she had no nurse, such a luxury was not now for her, and the patient must not be left; so she quickly repressed her sobs, dried her burning eyes, and once more taking the candle, led the way upstairs.

"She is asleep now," she whispered. "Come in softly."

Bathurst quietly drew off his boots and stole into the room.

CHAPTER XV.

IN PROFUNDIS.

Louey had been removed from her cot in the little dressing-room and placed in their own bed, and she looked such a little, little thing lying alone in that large four-poster.

"How do you think she looks?" whispered Mary eagerly.

"I—I have seen so little illness, I am no judge," replied her husband, trying, but in vain, to conceal the shock which the sight of that wasted face and

deathly-looking hand had given him. "What have you done about a doctor?"

"The maid went for the nearest on Thursday afternoon, the day you left. The dear was taken very ill soon after you were gone, so I sent, hoping he would believe my story and trust to Harry's paying him if you were unsuccessful. But I need not have feared; he is such a good, kind man, and could not be more attentive or constant in his visits if we were the richest in the land. But oh! William, he thinks she will die; I know it, though he will not positively say so. It is a very bad form of typhus, and—" her voice became choked.

"Die!" said Bathurst, in an agony. "My little Louey die! Oh! it is im-

possible! We will watch her so closely; there are two of us now, and so much depends on nursing. She *must* get better?"

"Do not talk so, William," replied the wretched mother. "Pray, pray do not excite my hopes. I cannot help indulging in them sometimes, and the reaction is so very dreadful."

A rustling and a low feeble cry called the parents to the bedside; and Mary gave the sick child some medicine which had to be administered at frequent intervals. The little thing turned from one to the other with eyes which did not seem to see them.

"Louey, darling—Louey!" said her father, but there was no answering smile. "She does not know me!" he cried.

"No," replied Mary. "She has not

been conscious since twelve o'clock last night."

After this they sat in silence by the bedside till ten o'clock, when the doctor came—a young man who had not yet established a practice, and who could ill afford to labour without recompense, and who yet risked his life daily in the poisoned air of cellars and garrets in the service of those who had nothing but gratitude and prayers to offer instead of a fee; doing battle against disease and death as a volunteer. Talk of heroism! why, there are more than a thousand medical men in London alone who deserve the Victoria Cross as fully as any soldier who ever stormed a battery; but their acts of valour are so common, so much a matter of course, that we think little of them, especially when in health.

Besides which, Destructiveness is still, in spite of our boasted civilization, such a sovereign propensity in man, that we Christians hear listlessly of efforts "to save life," while our pulses throb, and the blood courses faster through our veins, when the deeds are recounted of one who is potent "to destroy it."

The doctor examined his patient, and then, in answer to the mute appeal of the mother's eyes, only sighed and said that he would change the medicine; and he went to a table and wrote out a prescription, which Bathurst took up, saying that he would go to the chemists himself to get it made up.

As he left the house with the doctor he asked if there was any hope.

"The fever has been very fatal in this neighbourhood," was the reply. "I will

not deceive you, I have not saved a single child who was as bad as that."

"But still, it is possible, is it not, that—that—"

"To God all things are possible," replied the doctor solemnly. "Give her this medicine regularly; I will call again the first thing to-morrow morning. And make your wife lie down, she is nearly worn out."

When Bathurst returned with the new medicine he repeated this latter injunction to Mary, who made but a slight resistance. She had not closed her eyes for two days and nights, during the whole of which time her mind had been strained to a fearful pitch; and now she went down into the sitting-room, and lying down on the sofa sank immediately into the deep sleep of exhaustion.

Seated alone in the dead stillness of the night, by the side of the bed in which his only child lay dying, William Bathurst paid a heavy instalment of the punishment due to his errors, his vices, and his crime. The days of his innocence, and the various and successive acts by which he had brought misery upon those whom he was bound to protect and cherish, rose before him with a vividness which Remorse alone could give. How tasteless seemed now the pleasures, how loathsome the dissipations, which had once appeared so tempting! It was almost as if he must have become supernaturally conscious of the impulses and sentiments of some other being, and that a madman—but no, a perfect realisation of his own identity with his former self was the sharpest sting of his punishment.

So he sat and watched and brooded.

At two o'clock the child awoke from a long sleep, and as he stooped over her with the medicine in his hand he saw the parched lips move, and bending his ear down close he caught the word "Papa!"

She knew him—she was sensible! Was that a favourable sign, or but the last flicker of the taper burning low in the socket? Alas! but too likely the latter, and Mary must be roused to share the last recognition. He summoned her at once, and they watched together to the End.

The little mortal brightened into an angel as the first gleam of daybreak broke into the chamber. It was Sunday morning. In a few hours the inhabitants of London would be seeking to approach their Maker in a thousand churches—she was in His presence for ever.

The mother's grief was heart-breaking, but softening, chastening, human; the father's remorse was horrible.

He threw himself on the floor, and cried aloud in his despair, calling himself a murderer, and invoking curses on his head—a scene it is not pleasant to dwell upon.

His wife, endeavouring to calm him, bid him pray.

"Pray!" he almost screamed. "I *pray*, and in that presence!—oh! I dare not!"

CHAPTER XVI.

PROSTRATION.

NATURE is more merciful to us than we should very often be to ourselves; after a certain amount of suffering the frame loses its sensibility, the net-work of the nerves no longer vibrates to the touch, and faintness or death comes to the rescue, and for this we are grateful; but when this beneficent alleviation is extended to mental pains, we would often push aside the succouring hand, with a morbid fancy that the torpor of exhaustion, or the consoling influ-

ence of Time and Custom, is disloyalty to the dead.

The short duration of the extreme poignancy of grief which our friends will feel for our loss, has always been a stock theme for the satirist when sneering at human nature, as if the sting were to be taken out of death by the reflection that we should be mourned by the patients in a madhouse, which such ideal sorrowers as the pessimists seem to dream of would soon become; or as if the calm regret of rational beings were not a worthier homage to the departed than the ravings of idiotcy!

It was eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, and Mary lay on the sofa, plunged in blessed forgetfulness. So motionless were her features, so soft her breathing, that you might have imagined that she too had

escaped from earth, with all its cares and troubles. The thread slender, yet apparently so strong—for what parent ever dreams of outliving a child?—which for the last year had seemed to be the sole link binding her to life, was broken, and yet she slept. Her little girl—her only one—who had been her whole world, for whom alone she had hoped and feared and planned, lay dead in the room above, and yet she slept—slept even as Rachel did, who may have refused to be comforted by man, when the tidings reached her that her children "were not," but who must have sobbed herself to slumber when her powers were exhausted, and the soothing hand of Nature weighed softly on her brain.

Bathurst sat by the fireside, trying in a vague way to think about something, he

hardly knew what; but he had a sort of instinctive idea that there were duties which it was necessary he should perform, though his mind refused to grasp them tangibly. The poignancy of his first regretful despair had passed off, and now he was prostrated, and it required some external appeal which was foreign to the present great sorrow to stimulate his torpid powers of consecutive thought into activity.

That excitement of his energies soon came; for presently he felt himself touched on the shoulder, and turning round, saw the maid-of-all-work with a letter in her hand. Poor girl! the redness of her eyes showed how she had felt for the quiet and unexacting lodger, who was now a bereaved mother, and she had done all she could to help and comfort, as women of every

grade always will in cases of real distress; and now she had come in softly, without knocking, to avoid disturbing Mary.

The letter had not come by the post, but had been left at the door by a gentleman, who had been to the house once or twice before, the maid said, and who had directed that it should be given at once into Bathurst's own hands. And then he had hurried away, without waiting to hear what had happened.

Bathurst took the letter mechanically, and, seeing that the direction was in Leeson's handwriting, recalled his faculties sufficiently to open the envelope and begin to read. The first few lines acted upon him like an electric shock, and he soon threw off his lethargy sufficiently to understand the full gist of the communication.

"DEAR BATHURST,

"You had full access to those papers in my bureau, and free license to take them or anything else you found there. I am afraid you availed yourself of the opportunity—if so, do not use them, but burn them immediately. From something I heard I destroyed the lot yesterday, and sold off the furniture all standing last night. I never meant to break my promise to Mrs. Bathurst. and I am sorry we met last Thursday, or ever, for I do believe that I have been your evil genius. However, I hope your luck will take a turn now, for an old comrade has got me a commission in the American Federal Army. I shall be useful, as I can drill either the natives or their German recruits for them. I had sooner be a Southerner, but it does

not much matter. Good-bye, old fellow; it is for good this time, as the deuce *is* in it if we meet again. I am off to Liverpool at once.

"Yours sincerely,

"FREDERICK LEESON.

"P.S. Don't know what rank yet, say General U. S. Throw this into the fire with t'other things."

Such was the letter; but, alas! the writer's determination to separate himself finally from Bathurst, like the warning not to cash the forged notes, had come too late.

Bathurst's thoughts flowed more freely now, though his brain was still oppressed by a dull, bewildering sense of misery, and he speculated on the chances of danger. The risk he was warned against

would probably be chiefly incurred at the time of changing the notes, and that he had got over safely. Probably, but not certainly, there might be traps laid for the discovery of the man who had been lately introducing such skilful forgeries into the circulation, and even now the ministers of the law might be on his track.

No wonder the letter roused him.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE TRACK.

In certain parts of the north of England, where the hunting instinct is strong, but the country too precipitous on the hills and too boggy on the plains for straight riding, and where consequently the harriers are followed on foot, you may sometimes, from a point of vantage high up on a mountain side, watch with extraordinary minuteness the peculiar working of dogs that trace their game by the scent. All the human hunters are to be

seen perhaps a mile or so behind, so completely distanced, that they have mostly to judge by guess work where the object of their pursuit is running to, the peculiarity of which uncertainty is to make it appear occasionally to the elevated observer as if the hare and hounds were chasing *them*, which is not devoid of comic effect. The dogs, then, left to their own devices, and with no whippers-in to check the idiosyncrasies of the eccentric, enjoy the chase after their own fashion. First comes the hare—you can just distinguish the brown speck if your eyes are good, twining along in a mazy, serpentine manner, going over five miles of ground for every one of real advance gained, as if on purpose to make the chase look picturesque, and give the pedestrian huntsman a chance of keeping up—then come

two or three of the leading dogs, who, if they could use their eyes and take short cuts, might be into poor puss presently, but who prefer to keep their noses to the ground and follow religiously every little turn and winding of the game, which, to us, in our position, appears to be only a few feet from them. A hundred yards or so behind this advanced guard comes the long, straggling main body of the pack, benefiting not one atom by the experience of the leaders, but treading carefully and Tory-like in their footsteps; while a couple of fields in rear of these again you may see a slow, plodding, and contented dog smelling his way in and out the winding track as accurately as if he, together with the hare and the other hounds, were a mechanical toy gliding along a coiling wire.

Much in this way had Harry Johnstone been for some days tracing the family to whose succour he had come from the continent. With considerable difficulty, and by numerous inquiries, aided by the judicious expenditure of a good many half-crowns, he had followed Mary along the track which she had taken weeks before in quest of her husband.

For though among the letters which he had found at the *poste restante* at Boulogne there had been one which his sister had actually written from her present residence, that happened by some fatality to be the only one which she had omitted to head with her address, and so he had been forced to try back to Teddington and commence his task of discovering her from there. As far as Newmarket, and from thence back to London, fortune

favoured him, and he got on much faster than anyone would have thought possible; but after that he was at fault, and was on the point of having recourse to a plan to which he felt a strong repugnance, namely, asking aid from the police, when it occurred to him to seek for information where he ought to have gone for it at first—in the records of the Insolvent Debtors' Court. A reference to a file of the *Times* gave him the name of the lawyer who had conducted Bathurst's affairs.

It was late, however, on the Saturday when he made this discovery, and Mr. Skeddle had left his office and gone home to Brompton, whither Harry followed him, only to learn from the servant that the family had gone out to dinner, where she did not know.

On the following morning he called

again, and was shown into a sitting-room; for, though the girl who let him in demurred at first, saying that her master was very strict about not seeing any one on a Sunday, especially before morning service, and that he was apt to "blow up awful" if crossed in that particular, a palm-filling silver coin induced her to risk the explosion.

And here I may mention that, for tipping on a small scale, genuine half-crowns should always be provided; a florin and a sixpence has not half the effect.

Mr. Skeddle came in presently, looking, not white-washed like his clients, but genuinely and thoroughly clean; Sabbatical, too, after the old fashion—that is, in black trousers and white neck-tie; the expression of his face was as grave as

if he were listening to a sermon; he stood as though he was at the church-door with a plate in his hand, and his bow to the visitor would not have been out of place in the creed.

"I must apologise for intruding upon your only day of rest, and at so early an hour," began Harry—Mr. Skeddle expressing "You must, indeed," with his eyebrows—"but I believe Mr. William Bathurst was your client?"

"I really cannot entertain any matter of business on the Sabbath. I am very sorry, but really——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Johnstone, "you can give me the information I require in one moment. Mr. Bathurst is my sister's husband, and I only want his address."

"It is against my principles to enter

into any secular matters to-day, sir; will not to-morrow do? I could not give you the information you want without investigation," said Mr. Skeddle.

"But, sir," persisted Harry, "we are permitted, nay enjoined, to pull an ox or an ass out of a pit on the Sabbath-day, and I have reason to believe that this man is in still greater need of assistance."

"The comparison is hardly complimentary to your brother-in-law," said Mr. Skeddle, relaxing.

For he was not destitute of a vein of humour, to which certain remembrances of decidedly asinine conduct on the part of his former client suddenly appealed, and having once unbent, he was lost in spite of his spotless choker.

"I believe I have a letter from him

in my desk, by-the-bye, applying for employment, which I was quite unable to give him; if I can find it you shall have it, if not I will give you the information you require to-morrow. If I once broke through my rule, there would be no end to the distractions I should be subjected to."

Harry apologised again, and the letter, which was dated from Tom's Row, was found; with which he retired, uttering many thanks, which were merely acknowledged by Mr. Skeddle, as he showed him out, with another buckram bow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOO LATE!

It is surely somewhat strange that foreigners should complain so bitterly of the dulness of a London Sunday. One would think that they had enough of gaudy shop windows at home, and would be glad to see a town with all the shutters up, if only for the novelty of the thing. And then the consideration that all those thousands of people, who are nailed for six-sevenths of their lives to the desk or the counter, are getting a

holiday, ought surely to be rather cheering than otherwise to a philanthropic mind, not to mention the opportunity afforded of gaining some insight into the domestic English life. The multitudes pouring into or out of the numerous churches and chapels; the crowded omnibusses starting from various places to carry the half-stifled inhabitants of the city into the fresh air of the country; the proud and happy servant girls enjoying their "Sundays out"—the short ones under the protection of gigantic guardsmen, the tall escorted by diminutive tailors; the tempting smoking pies and mysterious baked meats in yellow dishes being carried home on the bakers' heads; the dinner beer travelling in every description of jug to the same destination; cannot the countryman of Molière, of Cervantes, or of Boc-

caccio, derive amusement from any of these scenes? For my part, I am suspicious of the real light-heartedness of the man whose cheerfulness is so dependent upon external circumstances, and would rather live with the Mark Tapleys of this world, who can be jolly under difficulties.

Not that Harry Johnstone, though I own I was thinking of him and his happy temperament, was in particularly good spirits, or noticed very accurately the various groups of people that he passed as a Hansom whirled him rapidly back to town, his mind being too much absorbed by anxiety on behalf of his sister to dwell much upon anything else. He had no presentiment of what had really happened, it is true, but he knew that she was in distress, and feared lest she had again been driven to change her lodging, and

then what steps should he next take to trace her further.

The driver was a West-End cabby, and had to make a good many inquiries before he could discover so plebeian a place as Tom's Row; but he found it at last, and Harry got out at No. 3. His heart throbbed quickly as he rang the bell, for he had noticed that the blinds on the first floor in front of the house were drawn down. Had Mary left, and was the place untenanted? or was Death present under that roof; and if so, what prey had he grappled?

After he had waited awhile, and rung a second time, the door was flung suddenly open by a policeman, who looked upon him with surprise and suspicion, the former, at least, of which feelings was reciprocated by Harry to such a degree, that he was for the moment struck speechless.

"What do *you* want?" asked the policeman. "You are not an undertaker, or a parson, are you?"

"Mrs. Bathurst," said Harry, with a voice which he in vain endeavoured to render firm—"is she not living here?"

"Yes."

"I am her brother; tell me, for God's sake! is anything the matter?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the policeman, with an altered manner, his practised eye showing him that there was nothing of acting there; "there is a great deal the matter; she has lost her child, poor thing, and her husband's wanted."

"Wanted! What for?"

"Smashing, sir—passing forged notes, and a bad case too."

Harry Johnstone hurried upstairs and entered the sitting-room. Bathurst, who

had fainted, lay back in a chair, with his face as livid as death, the corners of his mouth twitching, and his whole frame trembling; another policeman was unfastening his collar with one hand, while, with the other, he held him up and prevented his falling to the ground.

Mary was by the fireplace, half lying on the rug, half supported by the terrified maid-of-all-work, laughing and sobbing at once in violent hysterics. At the sound of her brother's voice, however, she started up and sprang towards him with a scream.

"Oh! Harry, Harry!" she cried, "you have come too late—too late!"

And she sank insensible into his arms.

Harry laid her gently on the sofa, and said, turning to the servant,

"The little girl—when did she die?"

"Early this morning, sir."

"Did Mrs. Bathurst seem to like the medical man who attended?"

"Oh! yes, sir; she thought him very kind and clever, I know."

"Then run for him, there is a good girl; or stay, there is my cab at the door, take that and bring the doctor back in it; here is money to pay for it; I came from Brompton."

When the girl had gone, Harry Johnstone turned to Bathurst, who had now come out of his fainting fit.

"Come, William," said he, "be a man; of course this absurd mistake, for mistake it must be, is very trying, coming too at such a time. But no doubt it will soon be cleared up."

"I—I did not know they were forged. Mistake, yes—that's it, mistake," gasped Bathurst. "Cruel thing to bring such a

charge against a fellow now, when a fellow's down and can't help himself."

"Come, come, man, I'll stand by you," continued Harry; "you shall not want for help; I will put your business into the best legal hands the first thing to-morrow."

"Ruin! death! and dishonour!—that is what I have brought on them," continued Bathurst, paying no heed; "ruin! death! and dishonour!"

"Will bail be possible?" asked Harry.

The policeman shook his head.

"Quite out of the question, I should say, sir; but you had better attend at the police court to-morrow morning and see. And now, mister, we had better go quietly while the lady is insensible. Joe, hail the cab."

At a given signal a four-wheeler, which

had been waiting opposite the neighbouring public-house, drove up, and the two policemen led their wretched and bewildered prisoner downstairs, put him into the vehicle, and drove off.

They had no sooner gone than the doctor arrived; he had been there already that morning, but hearing that the child was beyond his help, he had given a few simple directions to the servant, and had left again.

"My name is Johnstone," said Harry, when the other entered; "I am this lady's brother, but being out of England, I did not hear of the distressed state in which her husband's affairs were till quite lately, and then I hastened to her assistance. I have asked you to come in now to look at her—surely this is no common faintness?"

Harry was seated on the sofa supporting Mary's head; the surgeon came round, raised her eyelids, listened to her breathing, and felt her pulse.

"You are right," said he; "this is more than faintness; she is going to be ill for some time, I fear."

"Do you mean that she has taken the fever from her child?"

"No, not that; she has been harassed by very great anxieties for many months, and when these trials had culminated, they were followed by the illness and death of her child; for which, however, I had hoped that she was better prepared."

"Her husband has just been arrested on a charge of forgery," added Harry, seeing that the other was seeking some clue.

"Tut, tut, tut, tut! That is it; the stroke has been too much for her brain.

Would it be possible to move her?" asked the surgeon.

"I am well off," replied Harry, "and expense is no consideration in such a case. But how is it to be done?—where can I take her to?"

"I cannot tell you at the moment; and yet it would be everything to get her away from this place. Stay, I know of a respectable widow at Wandsworth who has lodgings in a comfortable little cottage, which would just suit. This is the address; you had better go at once, and see if they are to be had; if not, engage others in a quiet part where there is fresh air and as little noise as possible. And then bring some carriage, better hung than a cab, to take her in. I will remain here till you return."

Harry Johnstone flew off as if life and

death depended on his activity, which perhaps was, in a measure, the case, and was successful in his mission. The lodgings were disengaged, and Mary was removed to them in safety; the surgeon, of course, accompanying her, and remaining with her that day and all through the following night. Her attack was brain fever, and she lay insensible for weeks.

CHAPTER XIX.

H. JOHNSTONE HAS HIS HANDS FULL.

HARRY JOHNSTONE had now plenty of anxiety, trouble, and responsibility. After watching by his sister's couch all night he had to be up and out the first thing in the morning to find a lawyer for his brother-in-law, and there are few things more trying and bewildering than to pass suddenly from the solemn quiet of a sick-room to the sharp, bustling, ready wit requiring world of business, especially legal business.

It seemed to be his fate to have to call on solicitors out of office hours. Yesterday it was Mr. Skeddle, of Brompton, whose Sabbath he desecrated; to-day it was Mr. Terier, of Gray's Inn, whose breakfast he interrupted. Mr. Terier, however, was a personal acquaintance, and greeted the visitor heartily, thinking that he had come to share the morning meal, and I do not know that he was particularly aggrieved either when he found that he had got a client.

"You know my brother-in-law, William Bathurst?" Harry began.

"I knew his uncle, Horace Bathurst, who took him into partnership. All I know of the present man is that he let a fine business go to smash, either through laziness or imbecility."

"Well, he is apprehended on a charge

of passing forged notes, and I want you to come down to the police-office at once to conduct his case."

"Whew!" whistled the lawyer. "Serious affair! Do you know any particulars?"

"None; but I have known the man all my life—a soft chap, but nothing wrong about him; the very last man I should say ever to commit a crime. This absurd charge must fall to the ground at once—and, indeed, I have only thought it better to secure your assistance, because the poor fellow's only child died yesterday, and he is not in a state to conduct his own affairs; he might say or do anything in his present condition of mind."

"Well, but how do you suppose the charge arose?" asked Terier, brushing his hat.

"How? Why, any man is liable to have a bad note passed upon him, and to excite suspicion when, in the innocence of his heart, he attempts to change it."

"In those cases he generally can account for how he became possessed of it. By-the-bye, was this the Bathurst who figured in the papers the other day, as the hero of some disgraceful row at a billiard-room?"

"What row? I have only just returned from abroad, where I have never troubled myself to read the English papers."

"Hum!" continued the lawyer, opening the door—"It must be the same. In bad company—a defaulter on the Turf—ah!"

The idea of his sister's husband being by any possibility really guilty of such a crime had not hitherto even occurred to Harry, and the lawyer's evident suspicion roused his indignation.

"Why," said he, "you do not think that there is any foundation for this absurd charge?"

"Oh! of course not; only it is necessary in all legal cases, as I cannot help thinking it would be well in the ordinary questions, political, theological, and general of life, to put oneself in the position of the adversary, and look at the matter from that point of view. Now, if Mr. Bathurst is shown to be a man in difficulties, an associate of gamblers, and a defaulter, it will be against him; if he cannot account satisfactorily for his possession of the forged notes——"

"But he will be able to do that, depend upon it!" interrupted Harry.

"I am glad of it," said Terier.

But, unfortunately, Bathurst could do nothing of the kind; and in the inter-

view which he had with his legal adviser, before the case was called on, told so lame a story of how the notes had been given him by a friend, and how, though he was so eager to cash them before going home that he bought objects of value for that purpose, which he afterwards pawned, he never doubted their being genuine, that Terier enjoined him not to say a word of it all to any one else, but to reserve his defence. And Harry Johnstone himself saw that the case must certainly go for trial, and that it was but too probable that the view taken of it by a jury would prove anything but creditable to the family.

But Harry did not upon this withdraw from all further communication with his felonious brother-in-law. He thought of old days, and his contempt was tempered with pity.

"There will be plenty to kick the poor beggar now, without my putting my foot in," said he; and he did what he could for the prisoner—had interviews with him, let him know regularly how Mary was, and instructed Terier to neglect nothing for his defence.

William Bathurst soon awoke out of the dull stupor which had just followed his arrest, and became subject to as many phases of feeling as one man's mind can well undergo. At one time he was all repentance, and determined to plead guilty, with the idea that he would expiate his offences by undergoing voluntarily the punishment awarded by the laws of his country to the breach of them; at another he thought that if he could only get out of that scrape he would make it the study of his life to atone to Mary for the misery

he had brought upon her. He had suicidal fits and religious fits—paroxysms of self-blame, of fate-blame, and of Leeson-blame. It must be said for him that he looked back with no regretful eye upon the past pleasures for which he and others had paid so dearly, with the exception that he had at times, and they occurred pretty frequently, a considerable longing for alcoholic drinks; and it was this yearning principally which made him shrink from being found guilty, and sentenced to a living death of total abstinence. As to his chances of escape, his mind exercised its chameleon properties upon that as upon everything else. One day he thought he had none, the next acquittal seemed a certainty; nay, he even brought himself occasionally to consider himself a very innocent and hardly-used individual.

"How was he to know that the notes were forged?" he would then in perfect good faith urge upon his legal adviser, who replied,

"How, indeed! But can you not remember what induced you to change all three in one afternoon at several different places, and to pawn the articles purchased?"

"Certainly," replied Bathurst, on the third occasion of this home question being put to him; "I own that I had some suspicion that there might be something wrong about notes which were given me by so careless a man; so, not being able to trust my own judgment, I offered them in payment of different purchases at various shops, thinking that the shopkeepers would be certain to detect anything not right about them if

there were any foundation for my doubts, of which I was all the time half-ashamed."

"But under such circumstances why not have taken them to the Bank of England, and have solved your doubts there?" asked Terier.

"Ah! true!" replied his client; "unfortunately I did not think of that."

"Well," said the lawyer, "we must hope that the jury will believe in the truth of your statement."

Whether twelve impartial Englishmen could be got to credit this account, and acquit the man who told it of felonious intention or not, remained to be seen, Bathurst soon became firmly convinced of it himself.

Besides the watching and anxiety which

his sister's illness brought upon him, and the worry and fatigue of looking after her imprisoned husband's affairs, duties which the distance from Wandsworth to London rendered it all the more difficult to combine, Harry had to write daily letters to his family at Nice. To write a letter or half a dozen letters sounds easy enough; and so it is as a general rule, but there are letters and letters, and whoever thinks that it is a light task to have to break the news of death, misfortune, and serious illness, to friends at a distance, has never had it imposed upon him. To conceal nothing, not to frighten his mother too much about Mary, and to avoid vague sentences which might imply more to the reader than the writer meant to convey, these were the points which he desired to combine, and it cost

him the best part of two hours out of every twenty-four to manage it to his satisfaction.

In saying that he desired to conceal nothing, I am not quite accurate; as there were three points on which he desired to remain silent—the infectious nature of the disorder of which the poor child had died, Mary's prolonged state of insensibility, and his own private conviction of William Bathurst's being guilty of the crime laid to his charge.

Some men placed in Harry Johnstone's position would not have considered it necessary to write every day; but he knew the anxiety his mother would feel for her daughter, and the relief a daily letter testifying that there was no change for the worse would bring her; and he was also aware how vexed Minnie would be that

circumstances rendered it impossible for her to leave or bring her father and children and come over to take her share of nursing, and that the more constant their communication by post, the less grievous would the unavoidable separation seem to her. And indeed he was repaid for this thoughtfulness and consideration in the way in which kindly folks generally are for the exercise of such virtues; inasmuch as he found that this daily mental intercourse with those he loved did more to keep up his spirits and enable him to struggle cheerfully and hopefully with the depressing influences around him, than anything else except the companionship of the surgeon, Mr. Williams, who devoted almost all his time and attention to Mary, having but few other patients, poor man, to call him elsewhere. And yet there could be no

doubt of his skill, for Harry had sent for two of the first physicians in London at the outset, and they had fully approved of everything their junior had done, was doing, or proposed to do; and the only benefit derived from their visit was, what is, I believe, called, in such cases, the "satisfaction."

Indeed, Mr. Williams was a clever man; like good sound wine, he only wanted age; or, in default of that, a little money to get into a partnership; for it is a tedious business even for a skilful doctor to make a practice for himself in the midst of a neighbourhood plentifully provided with old and established healers. But Mr. Williams was not only clever in his profession, he was a man of varied attainments, keen intellect, and dignified though unobtrusive manners, having a shrewd insight into

men's characters, and a kind heart; he will be eminent some day, and Harry was fortunate in securing his services.

There was yet another duty which made no slight demand on Harry Johnstone's time and care, and that was the necessary preparations for the poor little girl's funeral. His only hesitation about removing Mary from the house in Tom's Row had been caused by a fear lest she should recover her consciousness before the ceremony, and feel distressed at having been removed from the house where the remains lay; but Mr. Williams said there was but little hope of that, and that, even if it were so, it would not be necessary to tell her where she was.

Responsible people were sent into the house to see that everything was decently conducted, and Harry went with a re-

spectable undertaker to Kensal Green Cemetery, and selected a spot where he thought his sister would like her little one to be laid.

There were many reasons why an early day should be fixed for the funeral, and before that week had closed, the victim of her father's weakness of character was laid in her last little bed. What was it to her that no parent's eye dropped a tear upon her coffin, that it was only her uncle's heart that echoed the solemn assurance of her resurrection?

The victim of her father's weakness? Perhaps that is a hard thing to say. Had he never brought pecuniary ruin on his family, the event might have been just the same; disease and death often strike down the carefully-guarded

children of the rich, when the little ones who feed on tainted food and breathe a tainted air live and thrive. It is dangerous to seek to trace too far the mysterious chain of Cause aud Effect, for the condemnation of a short-sighted fellow-creature who has unwittingly forged some distant link. Who of us, if all the words and actions of his existence and their results were thus ruthlessly unravelled, might not be shown to have shortened a life or to have imperilled a soul?

CHAPTER XX.

FROM THE SICK TO THE PRISONER.

THINGS began to be a little better for Harry Johnstone presently. The funeral was over, and some simple little monument decided upon and ordered, so that depressing business was off his mind, and interviews with undertakers were no longer features in the miserable programme of the day. Then the Christmas season had passed by, and the ostentatious jollity of the rest of the world,

which had caused the circumstances by which he was so suddenly and unexpectedly surrounded to look still more sombre from the contrast, had subsided. And now in a day or two the business of the trial would be settled one way or the other at the Central Criminal Court. If Bathurst were condemned, the country would provide him with such advice, consolation, &c., as was permissible, on its own responsibility, and it would be out of Harry's power to do anything more for him. If, on the other hand, the verdict was one of acquittal, he would have the liberated man to Wandsworth, and look after him there; and, though that might prove no particularly pleasing task, at all events it would not necessitate those constant visits to London, which at present harassed him considerably, in consequence

of the protracted absences from his sister's bedside which they occasioned.

All this sounds as if he took very coolly a matter which, to his brother-in-law, the friend of his childhood, was of the most vital importance, the decision, namely, whether or not he was a felon. Nor would the indignation he naturally felt at the man's continued misconduct during the past year and more, have, of itself, rendered him able to await the result of the trial with such calmness. Under ordidary circumstances he would have entered into the affair with the warmth of a partisan—would have spent his time in collecting testimonials as to former character, and trying all other lawful methods; perhaps, even, if the principal witnesses seemed to be good-natured men, and it could be done without risk, essay-

ing certain methods which were slightly *un*lawful, to ward off the disgrace of a conviction. At all events, he would certainly have personally undertaken a good deal which he now left to the management of Mr. Terier.

These efforts would have probably been totally without any advantageous result, the experienced solicitor and his satellites being able to do more in a day than he could in a month; yet still he would have made them, and would have passed the short interval which had to elapse before the trial in a state of feverish anxiety. As it was, however, the state in which his sister lay so entirely absorbed his feelings of hope and fear, that he found it impossible to spare any for the comparatively unimportant question, whether her husband met with his deserts or not. Before

the secret tribunal of the brother's mind, Bathurst was on his trial for a graver offence than that of having sinned against the currency. The question in that court was whether he would prove to be the cause of his wife's death, and his condemnation for the lighter crime he had committed was only to be considered with reference to the effect it might have upon her when she heard of it.

Would Mary live or die? That was the one important subject with Harry in England as with the circle at Nice.

Mr. Williams said that he had every hope, but that he could not form an accurate judgment until she recovered her senses; and it was for that critical moment that Harry Johnstone was anxiously watching and waiting; and as the days passed by, he felt less and less willing to leave

her bedside for an hour, lest it should occur in his absence. Surely it was much to his credit that he paid such constant visits to Bathurst, seeing how often he was tempted to shirk them. But, on these occasions, he said to himself, "The poor wretch will think his wife is worse if he does not get his accustomed visit, and, in the state of remorse in which he must be, that would be awful. Besides, Mary would wish me to go if she knew. He does not deserve it, but still, if we got nothing beyond our deserts, it would be a poor look-out for most of us. I'll go." And he went.

In the whole world there was no one who felt sympathy for the accused man in his disgrace. His wife lay insensible, his former friends by no means acted up to the English theory of assuming a man to be innocent till he is proved guilty, but con-

demned him in a body. Leeson would have been sorry if he had known of his arrest, but he was in the land of Freedom and Prosperity by this time, hard at work fitting the refuse of Ireland, Germany, and New York, to become decent food for powder, fever, and dysentery.

He did not even know that Bathurst had attempted to pass any of the notes, and hoped that the warning he had left would prevent his doing so. He supposed that he had taken some, because he had gone to the bureau with full liberty to do so; but they had parted almost directly afterwards, for Bathurst had a long internal struggle before he could bring himself to commit the irrevocable offence, and had slipped away, saying that he was going home, wishing to think the matter over by himself—shrinking from letting anyone, even if equally

guilty, know of the action he was contemplating; weak in crime as he had been in honesty.

As the day of the trial approached, William Bathurst somewhat recovered his self-possession. He could do nothing now but await the result, and if it were unfavourable, there was nothing for it but to take his punishment as best he could. His weakness of character was not that of a craven, and he could stand firmly enough face to face with the inevitable. The conviction, indeed, that there was one thing which must happen, strengthened his mind, and braced his nerves. He was "unstable as water;" but water itself, when forced into a narrow channel, loses its instability, and becomes one of the most effective forces of nature. So this man, when a course was marked out for him, and he had no choice

but to follow it, was strong enough; but if it had been once left to his decision whether he should do this thing or that other thing, all his firmness would have leaked away in driblets. He was like those Asiatics who are unsteady in fight, where they have the option of charging, standing firm, or running away; but who will face certain death on the gallows, or even at the stake, with a calmness which few Europeans, however desperate their courage in battle, can summon.

The day came, and the Central Criminal Court was crowded. The reporters, who only *see* common people, "observed" several "persons of distinction, amongst whom were elegantly dressed ladies, of rank and fashion," on the Bench. Indeed, the trial had excited a good deal of interest, for a quantity of the real Bank-note paper having been some time previously stolen, notes so

skilfully forged had been profusely smuggled into the circulation that no one in the kingdom felt safe; and a batch of forgers of low estate having been recently convicted, and sentenced to heavy punishment, the popular feeling was very strongly excited lest the "gentleman" should get off.

Of all the crimes of which the law takes cognizance there is not one which causes so much general discomfort as forgery. We can arm ourselves with knuckledusters, bristly collars, elbow spears, and spiked umbrellas, against the attacks of garotters; policemen, little dogs, bells, rushlights, and revolvers provide us with, at all events, a fancied security from burglars; or, if our precautions prove of no avail, and we are strangled or robbed, we are, at all events, held perfectly clear of having had any

hand in the crimes by which we suffer; but if anyone passes bad money upon me I may pay it away to some one else, and find the insult of suspicion added to the injury of pecuniary loss. And at this time matters had come to such a pass, that a stranger could not tender a five-pound note in payment anywhere without running the risk of exciting that suspicion; and a friend of the present writer, with a pocket full of (good) paper money, could not get away from his hotel in Dublin, until he bethought him of the expedient of drawing a cheque for the amount of his bill, which the landlord took readily and gratefully, though he would not look at the legal tender—showing, thereby, that he had no personal doubt of his customer's honesty or solvency —quite the contrary—but that he considered it impossible for anyone to distin-

guish good Bank of England notes from bad ones.

If any of the jury had been victimised, or if, as a body, they shared in any degree the timidity of the Irish landlord, it would be all the worse for the prisoner's chance of acquittal; for though the empanelled twelve may honestly strive to stick to their oaths, and go entirely by the evidence, yet they are but men; and when the balance of their judgment is nicely adjusted, out-of-court considerations *will* cause the scale of mercy to kick the beam. They are to give the prisoner the benefit of any doubts, and are quite ready to do so; but they cannot help their minds being more or less sceptical at different times; and a man who entered the box chafing under the consideration that his house had been gutted the night before,

would feel far less inclined to allow any weight to a burglar's never-failing *alibis*, than his neighbour, whose silver spoons remained undisturbed.

It was unfortunate, then, for William Bathurst that the British lion was just now wagging his tail, bristling up his mane, and uttering portentous growls over the utterers of these forged notes, which had so much disturbed his commercial comfort, especially as the defence admitted many suspicious acts and circumstances, and relied much on the good-natured reception of the hypothesis that the accused was more fool than knave, and had been victimised by sharper fellows than himself; and the jury were not in a state of mind to appreciate the humorous side of any forgery case.

And yet Sergeant O'Benelly and Mr.

Blunt conducted the defence with great skill, endeavouring to identify the position of the prisoner with that of each individual member of the jury, and showing how he, too, might easily find himself in a similar position. Mr. Blunt, in particular, convulsed the court with an anecdote of how he himself (Mr. Blunt) had unwittingly tendered a bad shilling to a cabman, from which he concluded that it was a mere bit of luck that he was then beyond the dock instead of within it, and proceeded to show that Mr. Macauser, Q.C., the counsel for the prosecution, who was very short-sighted, was, in consequence of that infirmity of vision, still more liable to get himself into such a predicament. The learned Sergeant took the pathetic line, and described the state of affliction in which the prisoner

had been discovered at the time of his arrest, with a graphic power which drew tears from several of the jury, and sobs from the ladies on the bench; but, unfortunately, that had little or nothing to do with the question, as forgers are no more exempt from domestic calamity than other men.

Another suspicious circumstance was that neither of the counsel for the defence badgered the witnesses; on the contrary, they were remarkably civil to them, and let them, for the most, stand down after two or three simple questions; a course of proceeding which shortened the trial considerably.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SENTENCE.

HARRY JOHNSTONE intended to visit the court during some portion of the proceedings, but not in the early part of the day. The result was all he cared for, and now that that would be probably known in a few hours, he felt more interest in the matter than he had hitherto done. After all, William Bathurst was a very near connection, and had been quite a model husband for the first ten years of his married life; it was only lately that

he seemed to have been possessed by some devil, whose disposition was entirely contrary to his own.

And then it occurred to Harry, as he sat pondering by his sister's bedside, that perhaps the poor fellow was not quite right in his mind, and was, in truth, deserving of as much pity as blame. And he began to consider and plan what was to be done with him in case he should be acquitted. If his brain was really affected, he must be carefully looked after; if not, some occupation must be found for him. If, on the other hand, he were found guilty and sentenced to a term of imprisonment, Mary must live with them; but what was to be done when his punishment expired, and he was set at large again?

It would never do to have a ticket-of-leave man or returned convict in his

own house, living on intimate terms with his family. Would Mary wish to live with him again? If not, he could be allowed something on condition of settling abroad. But all these were future considerations; at present it was not certain that she who was lying there would ever recover.

To return to more immediate speculations, one thing was very certain—namely, that it would be the prevention of a terrible blot upon the honour of his family if his sister's husband were to be acquitted. It was bad enough that his father should be a bankrupt and a fugitive, without any additional disgrace falling on them. And now that he reflected upon all this, he wondered how it was that he had never felt more strongly about the mattter before; and he worked

himself up at last into a state of quite feverish anxiety to know what the result of the trial would be, and determined to run up to London at once to see how it was going.

But it was twelve o'clock, an hour at which food was always given to the invalid, so he thought he would wait till that was done before he started, and called to the nurse, who was sitting quietly working in another part of the room, to apprize her of the hour and his intentions. He had heen fortunate in the nurse as well as the doctor into whose hands he had entrusted the care of his sister.

Mrs. East was a woman of about forty—buxom, pleasant of countenance, and scrupulously neat and clean, having hands which never hesitated or fidgeted,

feet which trod firmly and softly, a gown which never rustled, a voice which was soft and harmonious. She did not think herself a better man than the doctor; she had no prejudices in favour of stifling the patient with foul air, she did not drink to excess, she did not snore; positively and negatively she was a jewel among nurses, and, next to not being ill at all, the greatest boon in the world would be to have her to attend upon one.

At the first hint from Harry she began to make her preparations, and when they were completed, he drew the curtain and raised his sister in the bed.

Was he deceiving himself, or was there really at last a gleam of recognition in the eyes which were turned towards him? There was no mistake about it—

she smiled, and said, in a low voice certainly, but quite audibly,

"Thank you, Harry."

He looked across to Mrs. East, but the nurse had seen at a glance how it was, and had gone for Mr. Williams, according to his direction in such a contingency. The doctor was only lying down in the next room, having been up all night with one of his few patients, and in a couple of seconds he was by the bedside.

"Where am I?" asked Mary.

"You are with me in a house out of London," replied Harry, "and you have been very ill for weeks. But the doctor is here, and he will scold us if we talk. There is nothing for you to do but eat, drink, sleep, and get well as fast as you can."

"I have been ill for weeks!"

"Yes," said Mr. Williams, anxious that she should not imagine the events which had happened to be the fantasies of a dream, and so be thrown back by the disappointment of finding them real—"for weeks; your sorrows—your heavy sorrows caused you to become insensible, and you did not know when we moved you. But your brother is right; you must neither talk nor listen—but take this."

She swallowed the food offered her with avidity; and then, being laid down again, sank presently into a sound and sweet sleep, as different from the torpor in which she had so long been plunged, as a rose is from a poppy.

Harry sat by the bedside for some time longer, and then softly left the room, motioning the doctor to follow him as he passed.

"Well?" he said.

"Better than I ever hoped," said Williams.

"What! when I write to my wife may I say that she is out of danger?"

"By no manner of means! God only knows what may happen to-night, to-morrow, or the day after! She has passed the most dangerous crisis; but there is need of great care. Always be cautious how you excite too high hopes, especially about one who is just beginning to recover from so serious an illness as a brain-fever. Perhaps I was wrong to express myself so strongly to you; but you are on the spot, they are two days' post off."

"True, true!" replied Harry; and wringing the doctor's hand, he hurried from the house, and drove off to London in a brougham which he had hired for his

continual journeys to and fro, and which had been waiting for him during the last hour.

There was a considerable crowd hanging about outside the Central Criminal Court; and before he could reach the door, he saw the solicitor, Mr. Terier, coming out.

"Well, is it over?" cried Harry, seizing him by the arm.

"Yes," said the other, shaking his head. "It is an unfortunate business; let us go back to your carriage."

They got into the brougham; Mr. Terier gave a direction to the coachman, who drove slowly off.

"Is he found guilty, then?" said Harry, throwing himself back with a sigh.

"Yes; and I am sorry to say has got a very heavy sentence—fourteen years; too

severe a great deal; I have known worse cases get off with half. It is most unfortunate that the matter happened to occur just now; Mr. Bathurst has been sacrificed to popular indignation, and the desire of making an example."

Harry hardly heard the lawyer as he went on in this way. What did it matter whether his brother-in-law were to be imprisoned for six months, six years, or six decades? He had been found guilty of forgery; and Harry could not imagine a man's life being of any value to himself or any one else after that, or of its signifying one iota where or how he passed it. God might pardon him, and of another world he might have hopes, but in this—he was a felon, and must remain a felon till he dies, though he should live to the age of Methuselah.

"Do you think," asked Harry after a while, "that he is quite sane?"

"Sane!" replied Mr. Terier; "I never knew a man who was less mad in my life; no, it would never have done to have set up that plea. We could not even have made a mania of it; lawyers and doctors have invented kleptomania between them for the benefit of genteel pilferers, it is true, but that would not apply to a case like this."

"Can I see him?" said Harry, after another pause.

"Yes; I have got an order for your admission into the prison to-day, and you can see him directly he is settled there; I have directed the driver to make a round of it, so as to give him time to arrive."

Harry Johnstone had never entered a

prison before, and the sight of the bolts, bars, warders, chains, the endless stony corridors, and the merciless-looking cells, struck a chill into his heart; he felt as if he had done something wrong himself, and would find his exit more difficult than his entrance into that castle of Giant Despair. He had also a dread of the "scene" which he expected was awaiting him; but here he was agreeably surprised—Bathurst was firmer than he had anticipated. He was, of course, affected and overcome on first seeing Harry, and so overwhelmed with shame, that he hesitated to hold out his hand; but the other, with a generous instinct, divined what was passing in his mind and grasped it warmly.

"Keep your pluck up," said he; "I have one bit of good news for you, at all events—Mary is very much better."

"Thank God!—oh! thank God for that!"

"I am sure she would have come to see you if she had been able," continued Harry, feeling that silence would be insufferably awkward, and yet not knowing what to say. "I shall take her over to Nice directly she can be moved. We cannot send you anything, I believe, or keep up any intercourse. I do not know whether letters are allowed to pass—we must ask about that."

"Do you think I shall ever see her again?" asked the prisoner sadly.

"See her? Oh! yes, of course!" What else could Harry say to the poor wretch? "She is remarkably soft-hearted and forgiving, you know, and she will not avoid you when you are let out; they say prison life is remarkably healthy and preserving."

"When I am let out!" repeated Bathurst, drooping his head; "that will be in fourteen years. Now I am thirty-three, and then I shall be nearly fifty!"

"Don't you think it!" cried Harry, whose ideas upon prison discipline were mostly taken from indignant letters in the *Times* and the pasquinades of *Punch*. "All you have to do is to be very penitent and attentive when with the chaplain, and excessively deferential to the jailors and sentries and people, and then they will let you out before half your time is up."

And then he once more shook his brother-in-law's hand, and the most painful interview he had ever had with anybody terminated.

CHAPTER XXII.

CURTAIN.

One warm day towards the end of the March following Bathurst's conviction, a group of people were scattered about seeking shelter from the noonday sun in one of the prettiest nooks imaginable. A fountain of the clearest water welled up in the centre, and, trickling over the side of the rough and rudely built bason which restrained it, ran gurgling off in a merry little rivulet, which seemed to be prattling of its escape. The ground,

which undulated and swelled into many a grassy mound, tempting to the weary or the lazy, was covered with trees, not lofty, but wide-branching and umbrageous; and amidst the rich green leaves glittered fruit of every golden tint, from the deep yellow of the unalloyed nugget to that of the palest metal which can lawfully receive the hall-mark of a crown.

We have not got into that mythical digging of the ancients—the Garden of the Hesperides, however, but only into an orange grove belonging to the Johnstones, or, rather, Mr. Cook's villa at Nice. Tom, the eldest boy, was chasing a lizard, which cleverly dodged him about and around the trunk of a rugged citron tree, full of crevices suitable for reptile evasion. The two younger children

formed a group apart with their grandfather and a gentleman of dark complexion, who was telling them a story with considerable action, and in a foreign accent. This was no other than Swai-ee, who had come over to Europe, and having kept up a correspondence with his old friend and partner, had easily learned where he was, and had followed him to his present home, where he soon became a general favourite.

On a garden seat, placed carefully in a warm and dry spot, sat Mrs. Johnstone and her daughter Mary Bathurst, the latter still weak and much reduced, and bearing in her sad, patient face, her wearied manner, and her delicate semi-transparent hand, withering signs of the fiery trial through which she had passed, but better both in body and mind, now that she had got

over that first meeting with her little nieces, which had torn her recent wounds open afresh, than could have been expected. The parents, indeed, were much shocked at her appearance when she first came, and the children hardly knew her in her deep mourning, and bowed down by a sorrow which had indeed changed her into a person quite different from the bright and cheerful aunt whom they remembered; but Harry, who had been with her in the depths of her distress, rejoiced to see how she revived in the midst of her own family.

Minnie was seated near them on a camp stool, trying to catch in water-colours the effects of light in a glade amongst a little wood of olive trees which lay between this favourite haunt and the villa, one end of which was just visible from where she sat. Mr. John-

stone and Harry lounged on a knoll a little apart, the latter smoking a cigar to please himself, and peeling oranges for the advantage of his father, who was no consumer of tobacco, and yet liked to employ his palate somehow.

It may often be observed that a man who has been occupied in some active and interesting work all his life, will retain the energy and most of the keenness of his youth so long as he can stick to business; but if he is once induced or obliged to retire from the struggle, and sit down with folded hands in the enjoyment of a calm repose, the tension which has bound his brain to its work seems suddenly relaxed; old age, which has been artificially dammed out, like the water which is stayed by an engineer from the foundations of a

bridge which he is building, that it may not interfere with his operations, pours in upon him with a rush, submerging his intellectual powers, and reducing him in a short time to a state of second childhood.

In addition to enforced leisure, and the sudden withdrawal of the occupations which had filled his life, Mr. Johnstone had his illness, the shock of commercial disgrace, the utter falsification of his calculations, and ruin of his schemes, for the prosperity of one child, and the shovels and shovels full of hot coals piled upon his poor old head—bald too—by the other to help the actual lapse of time in producing senility.

The daughter who had married after his own heart's desire had found herself united to poverty and crime; while the

son who had taken his wife out of his very teeth, as it were, and whom he had for years refused to forgive for his act of insubordinate and suicidal folly, turned out to have married an heiress after all, and was now his only support. He owed almost the very bread and butter which he ate to the action for which he had done his best to blight his son's prospects, and had, when himself in prosperity, refused to assist and countenance him. It was really galling, and it was a fortunate thing that Mr. Johnstone, sen., *had* thus sunk into premature old age, else he might have hated his son and daughter-in-law, which would have been a very sad state of things; whereas at present he was inclined to attach himself mildly to any one who fed him, treated him kindly, and attended to his little wants and fancies.

Harry was at first surprised at this change which had so completely overshadowed his father during the three short months of his absence, but he and Mary had now returned some ten days, and he had got used to it.

He was just now trying to make the old man pay due attention to the fact that he had received letters by that day's post, announcing that all his affairs had been finally settled, and wound up, and that he could return to England whenever he liked.

"Ah! yes," the father was saying, "I can return to England; but I like this place very well. What good oranges these are!"

"Well, this place is very nice just now, but it will be very hot in another month. Besides, I am not going to live abroad, and

my mother would like to be near us; so I expect it will be best for you to go back to England too."

"Ah! very good—very good. But I cannot go back to the mansion at Acton, and that was the only house in the world really fit to live in."

"Mansion!" cried Harry unable to help laughing.

"Yes," said the old man, peevishly; "I know you never appreciated it, Harry; you have no taste—no taste whatever—never had. It was built under my own direction—I superintended everything, and Lord Vauxhall said it was the most complete thing of the sort he had ever beheld. Ah! I wonder what my aristocratic friends have thought of my failure; they no doubt have sympathised with me, for they would look upon the matter with different eyes

from those vulgar city-men. Next to not sullying one's hands with trade at all comes inability to succeed in it. Did you go to see the old place?"

"Yes," said Harry, and with truth; and fortunate it was that he had found a day to run down to Acton the week before he started with Mary from England, for he had been asked that question at least once every day since his return, and the number of petty disappointments he must either have occasioned his father, or of the lies he must have told him, if he had not complied with his parting injunction, would have amounted in time to something considerable.

"And was it the abode of any other inhabitant?"

"No, it was still to let."

"And the Griffins—how did they look?"

"Oh! they were still perched up on each side of the gates, as rampant as ever," replied Harry, guilty here of a suppression of the truth, for he did not add that they had got bills of the sale which had been held on the premises still pasted over them, and that one of them had had a pipe stuck into its mouth by some ribald hand, which had also inscribed the words "Old Johnson" underneath it in chalk.

"Oh! Papa, look here!" cried Tom Johnstone, running up to his father at this juncture in a state of heat, excitement, and dismay—"I caught a lizard by the tail, and the thing ran away and left it behind—look!"

"Dear me!" said Harry, glancing at the bit of brown skin with no admiring eye. "How remarkably fond of its liberty the creature must be! Let this

be a caution to you through life, and whenever you want to secure either man or animal, catch it by the head, heart, or stomach."

"But what will the poor lizard do without a tail?" inquired the humane Tom, paying no attention to his father's obscure moral, being, indeed, used to the sort of chaff which he amused himself by giving to his children when they asked for intellectual bread, and he could not put his hand on any suitable crust at the moment.

"I really do not know, never having been a lizard that I know of; perhaps if you could manage to re-member the reptile it would be of some advantage. But let us go and consult Mr. Swai-ee; he has passed his life amongst snakes and alligators, and animals of that de-

scription. Ah! Tom, when you go to Harrow, and exchange the shade of the orange tree for that of the birch, you may think of this incident and wish occasionally that you, too, possessed the faculty of disconnecting yourself from your—I mean, in a similar way."

"I approve of Harrow," said Mr. Johnstone, senior. "It is one of the few schools at which a gentleman's son can be educated. But what were you saying just now about returning to England?"

"Ah! we must discuss that in full conclave; my wife's father is, I know, anxious to end his days in his native land."

"True," replied Mr. Johnstone. "He is an old man and declining; the desire is natural."

He thought that he himself had any amount of life in him.

Minnie being the only one of the party who had any fixed occupation to bind her to one spot, the dutiful husband made a queen-bee of her, and gathered the swarm about her.

"The question before the house," Harry began when they were all settled, "is, what part of England are we to live in on our return, which is shortly to take place. What do you say, Mr. Cook?"

"The ladies must give their opinion first," replied the gallant old man.

"Well, then, mother, what do you say?"

"Oh! it is for Minnie to decide."

"Not at all."

"We shall never get on at this rate; you are like the two Spaniards, who were each too polite to walk out of the house first during the earthquake at Lisbon, and

whose skeletons were afterwards found in bowing attitudes on either side of the buried doorway. We must proceed as they do at courts-martial, and begin with the youngest. What do you say, Pops?"

"I should like to live where there is plenty of strawberries and cream," replied the little girl after grave reflection.

"Good," said Harry, noting down the opinion in a memorandum-book. "And you, Annie?"

"Let us have a desolate island, with all sorts of flowers, a big dog, and a toy-shop."

"Difficult to combine, I fear. Tom?"

"I don't care so long as there is a jolly cricket-ground, a river to fish in, apple-trees, and, I think, a volcano."

"A volcano!—yes. Now, Minnie."

"I should like a pretty country house,

with a large garden, and a grass field. It should be in a quiet country place, and yet not too far from London; and there must be a smaller house close by for papa and mamma. And—I think that is all I care about."

Harry was going on to ask Mary for her theory, but seeing that it was with difficulty that she restrained her tears, broke up the meeting by declaring that it was time to go in and get ready for dinner. Poor Mary!—she fought her sorrow bravely, but these plans for future happiness were too much for her.

Eventually Minnie's programme was pretty accurately followed out, and the families are at present settled in a spot very similar to that which she described.

And Bathurst?—I can tell very little about him. He has not passed much more

than a year of convict life as yet; he is employed just now on the construction of a breakwater in a place where it is very much wanted, and is therefore a more useful member of society than many a better man, especially as he shows promise of becoming a first-rate mason. I do not think that anything like the full measure of his punishment will be exacted of him, and when he is liberated he will probably emigrate. Will Mary go to him? Will— But who can peer into the future? If this imperfectly-told story of his life sets any one unstable mortal thinking, it has not been related in vain.

THE END.

LONDON: PRINTED BY MACDONALD AND TUGWELL, BLENHEIM HOUSE.

NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S LIST OF NEW WORKS.

THE LIFE OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD. From

his Private Correspondence and Family Papers, in the possession of Joseph Mayer, Esq., F.S.A., Francis Wedgwood, Esq., C. Darwin, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Miss Wedgwood, and other Original Sources. With an Introductory Sketch of the Art of Pottery in England. By Eliza Meteyard. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Vol. 1, 8vo, with Portraits and above 100 other Illustrations, price 21s. elegantly bound, is now ready. The work will be completed in one more volume.

"This is the Life of Wedgwood to the expected appearance of which I referred at Burslem."—*Extract from a Letter to the Author by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.*

"This very beautiful book is the first of two volumes which will contain that Life of Wedgwood which for the last fifteen years Miss Meteyard has had in view, and to which the Wedgwood family, and all who have papers valuable in relation to its subject, have been cordially contributing. In his admirable sketch of Wedgwood, given at Burslem, it was to the publication of this biography that Mr. Gladstone looked forward with pleasure. It is a very accurate and valuable book. To give their fullest value to the engravings of works of art which largely enrich the volume, the biography has been made by its publishers a choice specimen of their own art as book-makers. Neither care nor cost have been grudged."—*Examiner.*

"The appearance of such a work as Miss Meteyard's 'Life of Josiah Wedgwood' is an event of importance in the sister spheres of literature and art. The biographer of our great potter has more than ordinary fitness for the fulfilment of her labour of love. She is an enthusiastic admirer and a practised connoisseur of Ceramic Art, and she brings the pleasant energy of individual taste and feeling to the aid of complete, authentic, and well-arranged information, and the well-balanced style of an experienced *litterateur*. The interest of the book grows with every page. The reader will peruse the numerous interesting particulars of Wedgwood's family life and affairs with unusual satisfaction, and will lay down the work with undoubting confidence that it will rank as a classic among biographies—an exhaustive work of the first rank in its school."—*Morning Post.*

"No book has come before us for some time so stored with interesting information. Miss Meteyard is a biographer distinguished by a clever and energetic style, by delicate judgment, extensive information, and a deep interest in her subject. The history of the Ceramic Art in England, and the biography of the eminent man who brought it to perfection, have evidently been to her a labour of love; and of the spirit and manner in which she has executed it we can hardly speak too highly. The splendid getting up of the work reflects much credit on the house from which it is issued."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

"The biography of Josiah Wedgwood has fallen into good hands. Miss Meteyard has infused into her task a congenial spirit, a cultivated taste, and, in addition to fifteen years' study of her subject, she has been able to enrich her book with a mass of private letters and documents relating to Josiah Wedgwood which have been wholly inaccessible to other writers. These give the work a character of reliable information to which no rival can lay claim. The publishers have spared neither labour nor expense in the costly illustrations of the exquisite artistic gems which adorn the book."—*The Shilling Magazine.*

"It needs no special advertisement to make us aware, so soon as we open the book, that this is *the* life of the great Wedgwood, executed with an enthusiastic industry and illustrated with a taste which will be sufficient to satisfy Mr. Gladstone himself. Messrs. Hurst and Blackett may be fairly congratulated on having turned out the best English book of the year on art."—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

"In this magnificent volume we welcome one of the very noblest contributions to the history of the Ceramic art ever published. We place it at once and permanently side by side with Bernard Palissy's Memoirs and with Benvenuto Cellini's Autobiography. An abundance of rare and very precious materials is here admirably put together by the dexterous hand and exquisite taste of Miss Meteyard. A more conscientious discharge of the responsible duties devolving upon the biographer of a really great man has not been witnessed, we believe, since the days of Boswell, the greatest of all biographers."—*Sun.*

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

A JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO PERSEPOLIS; including WANDERINGS IN DAGHESTAN, GEORGIA, ARMENIA, KURDISTAN, MESOPOTAMIA, AND PERSIA.

By J. Ussher, Esq., F.R.G.S. Royal 8vo, with numerous beautiful Coloured Illustrations. 42s. Elegantly bound.

"This is a very interesting narrative. Mr. Ussher is one of the pleasantest companions we have met with for a long time. We have rarely read a book of travels in which so much was seen so rapidly and so easily, and in which the scenery, the antiquities, and the people impressed the author's mind with such gentlemanly satisfaction. Mr. Ussher merited his success and this splendid monument of his travels and pleasant explorations."—*Times.*

"This work does not yield to any recent book of travels in extent and variety of interest. Its title, 'From London to Persepolis,' is well chosen and highly suggestive. A wonderful chain of association is suspended from these two points, and the traveller goes along its line, gathering link after link into his hand, each gemmed with thought, knowledge, speculation, and adventure. The reader will feel that in closing this memorable book he takes leave of a treasury of knowledge. The whole book is interesting, and its unaffected style and quick spirit of observation lend an unfailing freshness to its pages. The illustrations are beautiful, and have been executed with admirable taste and judgment."—*Post.*

"This work is in every way creditable to the author, who has produced a mass of pleasant reading, both entertaining and instructive. Mr. Ussher's journey may be defined as a complete oriental grand tour of the Asiatic west-central district. He started down the Danube, making for Odessa. Thence, having duly 'done' the Crimea, he coasted the Circassian shore in a steamer to Poti, and from that to Tiflis. This was the height of summer, and, the season being favourable, he crossed the Dariel Pass northwards, turned to the east, and visited the mountain fastnesses of Shamil's country, recently conquered by the Russians. Thence he returned to Tiflis by the old Persian province of Shirvan, along the Caspian, by Derbend and the famous fire-springs of Baku. From Tiflis he went to Gumri, and over the frontier to Kars, and the splendid ruins of Ani, and through the Russian territory to the Turkish frontier fortress of Bayazid, stopping by the way at Erivan and the great monastery of Etchmiadzin. From Bayazid he went to Van, and saw all the chief points of interest on the lake of that name; thence to Bitlis and Diarbekir. From Diarbekir he went to Mosul by the upper road, visited Nineveh, paid his respects to the winged bulls and all our old friends there, and floated on his raft of inflated skins down the Tigris to Baghdad. From Mosul he made an excursion to the devil-worshipping country, and another from Baghdad to Hilleh and the Birs Nimrud, or so-called Tower of Babel. After resting in the city of the Caliphs, he followed the track of his illustrious predecessor, Sindbad, to Bassora, only on board of a different craft, having got a passage in the steamer Comet; and the English monthly sailing packet took him from Bassora across the gulf to Bushire. From thence he went to Tehran over the 'broad dominions of the king of kings,' stopping at all the interesting places, particularly at Persepolis; and from Tehran returned home through Armenia by Trebisonde and the Black Sea."—*Saturday Review.*

"This is a book of travel of which no review can give an adequate idea. The extent of country traversed, the number and beauty of the coloured illustrations, and the good sense, humour, and information with which it abounds, all tend to increase the author's just meed of praise, while they render the critic's task all the harder. We must, after all, trust to our readers to explore for themselves the many points of amusement, interest and beauty which the book contains. We can assure them that they will not meet with a single page of dulness. The coloured illustrations are really perfect of their kind. Merely as a collection of spirited, well-coloured engravings they are worth the cost of the whole volume."—*Herald.*

"Mr. Ussher went by the Danube to Constantinople, crossed thence to Sebastopol, and passed through the Crimea to Kertch, and so on to Poti. From Poti he went to Teflis, and made thence an excursion to Gunib and Baku on the Caspian. The record of this journey is the most interesting part of the book. Having returned to Teflis, Mr. Ussher visited Gumri and Kars, and went thence to Lake Van, and so by Diarbekr and Mosul to Baghdad. From Baghdad he went to Babylon and Kerbela, and returning to Baghdad, descended the river to Basra, and crossed to Bushire. Thence he went by Shiraz and Isfahan to Tehran, and returned to Europe by the Tabreez and Trebisonde route. The reader will find the author of this pleasant volume an agreeable companion. He is a good observer, and describes well what he sees."—*Athenæum.*

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

HISTORIC PICTURES. By A. Baillie Cochrane, M.P. 2 vols. 21s.

"Mr. Baillie Cochrane has published two entertaining volumes of studies from history. They are lively reading. 'My aim,' he says, 'has been to depict events generally known in a light and, if possible, a picturesque manner.' Mr. Cochrane has been quite successful in carrying out this intention. The work is a study of the more interesting moments of history—what, indeed, the author himself calls it, 'Historic Pictures.'"—*Times.*

"These volumes will be read with delight by those whose familiarity with their subjects will leave them free to study the new and striking points of view in which they are set forth; and the pure taste and fervent feeling which adorn them, while they will be most valuable to such as have not an extensive knowledge of history, as a means of stimulating their taste. No reader will lay down the book without feeling grateful to the gifted mind which has thus employed its scanty leisure, and hoping that Mr. Baillie Cochrane may be induced to continue researches productive of so much profit and such keen and rare pleasure."—*Morning Post.*

"Mr. Baillie Cochrane has here employed his graceful and picturesque pen on some scenes from modern history. The reader will find valuable and pleasant information in every page."—*Morning Herald.*

"Mr. Cochrane gives evidence in his 'Historic Pictures' of sufficient vividness of fancy and picturesqueness in description to make his sketches very lively and agreeable to read."—*Saturday Review.*

BRIGAND LIFE IN ITALY. By Count Maffei. 2 vols. 8vo, 28s.

"Two volumes of interesting research."—*Times.*

"Count Maffei's work is obviously of an authentic character. The preface is dated from the Italian Embassy, and the volumes show many evidences of their author having had the advantage of special information not hitherto made public. The volumes must be read by all who would understand the present position of South Italy. They are written in a lively style, and combine the value of history with the entertainment of a romance."—*London Review.*

"These extraordinary volumes contain some of the most astounding revelations of brigand life and adventure the world ever heard of. They savour so much of the marvellous that nothing could induce us to suppose that they were not wild legends but for the references given to documents of unquestionable authority, and from which the narratives are chiefly taken. Let Count Maffei's two volumes be read as they ought, and assuredly will be, for their more than romantic adventures and obvious truthful relations, and all true-hearted Englishmen will for ever hold all parties associated with Italian brigandage in righteous abhorrence. In all respects the book is worthy of its distinguished author, and of the enterprising publishing house from which it has issued."—*Star.*

"Count Maffei's work is an authentic account of the Italian brigandage of our own day and its causes, for which use has been made of the report presented by Commendatore Massari to the House of Deputies on the investigations of the special Commission charged by the Italian Government to report on the causes of brigandage. The second volume includes a report sent to the author by General Fallavacini on his last expeditions against brigands of the Southern provinces. 'His book,' says Count Maffei, 'will perhaps destroy that strange confusion of ideas so charitably kept up by the legitimist party, in order to give to the movement in the old kingdom of Naples the character of a civil war, and will point out by whose hand the reaction was kindled."—*Examiner.*

"We recommend this work strongly to all who are interested either in the happiness of Italy or in the unholy misgovernment of the holy Catholic Church of Rome."—*Observer*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Cardinal Wiseman. 1 vol. 8vo, 5s.

"A noble tribute to the great poet."—*John Bull.*

"This work is evidence of an exquisite refinement of thought and a singular gracefulness of intellectual expression, which it would be difficult to equal."—*Observer.*

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

ADVENTURES AMONGST THE DYAKS OF BORNEO. By Frederick Boyle, Esq., F.R.G.S. 1 vol. 8vo, with Illustrations. 15s. bound.

"Mr. Boyle's Adventures are very pleasant reading—smart, lively, and indicative of no slight amount of bonhomie in the writer."—*Athenæum.*

"This is an entertaining book. Mr. Boyle saw a good deal of the country, made intimate friendship with a large number of savage chiefs, lived for some time in a native village, and has given us, in an entertaining and humorous style, a very lively and pleasant account of his trip."—*Saturday Review.*

"The information contained in Mr. Boyle's Adventures has the great advantage of being recent, and certainly nothing can surpass the interest conveyed in his pages, which are written with spirit and cleverness. The descriptions of the habits and customs of the people, the climate of the country, with its productions animal and vegetable, and the numberless anecdotes of all kinds throughout the volume, form a work of great interest and amusement."—*Observer.*

IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Lord Eustace Cecil. 1 vol. 8vo. 14s.

"Lord Eustace Cecil has selected from various journeys the points which most interested him, and has reported them in an unaffected style. The idea is a good one, and is carried out with success. We are grateful for a good deal of information given with unpretending good sense."—*Saturday Review.*

"The author of this work has earned an honourable place among noble authors." *Athenæum.*

YACHTING ROUND THE WEST OF ENGLAND. By the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange, of Exeter College, Oxford, R.T.Y.C. 1 vol. 8vo, Illustrated. 15s.

"A very interesting work. We can scarcely imagine a more pleasant and romantic yachting voyage than that of the author of this volume round the rough and rugged west coast of England, which forms the coasts of Cornwall and Devonshire. The bold character of these coasts, the Lizard, Mount St. Michael, the fine old town of Bideford, Gurnard's Head, the rocky Scilly Isles, the small rock on which the Eddystone braves the fury of the storm, and guides the mariner up Channel, are among the attractions which such a voyage afforded; while the many small towns and villages, and their inhabitants, must have yielded a considerable amount of pleasure to those who for the first time visit these interesting counties. We might, if space permitted, give many interesting extracts from the work, which would convey to the reader the same good opinion of the work which we have ourselves formed from its perusal."—*Observer.*

"The title of his book explains very clearly the nature of its contents. These consist of a description of the scenery to be found on the south-west coast of this country, and an embodiment of such traditions, scattered verses, &c., as its author has been enabled to collect. Travelling with no special mania, geological, botanical, or otherwise, his book appeals to no narrow class of sympathies, but may hope for readers wherever is found a taste for pleasing sketches of beautiful scenes or well-selected gossip concerning the persons or events who have rendered those scenes famous. Mr. L'Estrange writes sensibly and well, and has produced a book which may be read with advantage by many and with pleasure by all."—*Sunday Times.*

"Mr. L'Estrange's course seems to have led him from North Devon round by the Land's End and Scilly Isles to Plymouth, and the reader may well imagine how much of the beautiful and romantic, both in natural scenery and historic legend, such a voyage opened out. The writing is simple and natural. Mr. L'Estrange tells things as he saw, met with, or heard them, with no effort at display or effect, and those who trust to his pages need not fear being disappointed. We commend this handsomely got-up work to the attention of all desirous of pleasant information upon a comparatively but imperfectly known portion of her Majesty's dominions."—*Era.*

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

MY LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS. By the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley. 2 vols. 8vo, with Portrait. 30s.

Among the other distinguished persons mentioned in this work are:—Kings George III. and IV., and William IV.; Queens Charlotte, Caroline, and Victoria; the Prince of Wales; the Dukes of Kent, Cumberland, Sussex, Cambridge, d'Aumale, Wellington, Norfolk, Richmond, Beaufort, Bedford, Devonshire, St. Albans, Manchester, Portland; the Marquises of Anglesea, Buckingham, Downshire, Waterford, Tavistock, Londonderry, Clanricarde, Breadalbane, Worcester; Lords Mulgrave, Conynham, Clanwilliam, Wynford, Palmerston, Bathurst, Cantelupe, Roden, Eldon, Grey, Holland, Coleraine, Rokeby, Munster, Chelmsford, Ducie, Alvanley, Chesterfield, Sefton, Derby, Vane, Mexborough, George Bentinck, Edward Somerset, Fitzclarence, Egremont, Count d'Orsay; the Bishop of Oxford, Cardinal Wiseman; Sirs Lumley Skeffington, William Wynn, Percy Shelley, Godfrey Webster, Samuel Romilly, Matthew Tierney, Francis Burdett; Messrs. Fox, Sheridan, Whitbread, Brummell, Byng, Townsend, Bernal, Maginn, Cobden, Bright, O'Connell, Crockford, &c.; the Duchesses of Devonshire, Gordon, Rutland, Argyle; Ladies Clermont, Berkeley, Shelley, Guest, Fitzhardinge, Bury, Blessington, Craven, Essex, Strangford, Paget; Mesdames Fitzherbert, Coutts, Jordan, Billington, Mardyn, Shelley, Misses Landon, Kemble, Paton, &c.

"A book unrivalled in its position in the range of modern literature."—*Times.*

"There is a large fund of amusement in these volumes. The details of the author's life are replete with much that is interesting. A book so brimful of anecdote cannot but be successful."—*Athenæum.*

"This work contains a great deal of amusing matter; and that it will create a sensation no one can doubt. Mr. Berkeley can write delightfully when he pleases. His volumes will, of course, be extensively read, and, as a literary venture, may be pronounced a success."—*Post.*

"A clever, freespoken man of the world, son of an earl with £70,000 a-year, who has lived from boyhood the life of a club-man, sportsman, and man of fashion, has thrown his best stories about himself and his friends into an anecdotic autobiography. Of course it is eminently readable. Mr. Grantley Berkeley writes easily and well. The book is full of pleasant stories, all told as easily and clearly as if they were related at a club-window, and all with point of greater or less piquancy."—*Spectator.*

HAUNTED LONDON. By Walter Thornbury.

1 vol. 8vo, with numerous Illustrations by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. 21s., elegantly bound.

"Haunted London is a pleasant book."—*Athenæum.*

"A very interesting, amusing, and instructive book. It is well illustrated by Mr. Fairholt."—*Saturday Review.*

"Pleasant reading is Mr. Thornbury's 'Haunted London'—a gossiping, historical, antiquarian, topographical volume, amusing both to the Londoner and the country cousin."—*Star.*

"Mr. Thornbury points out to us the legendary houses, the great men's birthplaces and tombs, the haunts of poets, the scenes of martyrdom, the battle-fields of old factions. The book overflows with anecdotical gossip. Mr. Fairholt's drawings add alike to its value and interest."—*Notes and Queries.*

"As pleasant a book as well could be, forming a very handsome volume—an acquisition either for the table or the bookshelf. A capital title is 'Haunted London'—for is it not haunted, this London of ours? Haunted happily, by ghosts of memories that will not be laid. What footsteps have not traversed these causeways, inhabited these dwelling-houses, prayed in these churches, wept in these graveyards, laughed in these theatres? And of all these Mr. Thornbury discourses—shrewdly, like an observant man of the world; gracefully, like a skilled man of letters; lovingly, like a sympathizing fellow-creature; courtier and playwright, student and actress, statesman and mountebank, he has an eye for them all. Saunter with him down any street, and before you get to the end of it we wager you will be wiser than at starting—certainly you will have been entertained."—*Sun.*

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

COURT AND SOCIETY FROM ELIZABETH TO ANNE, Edited from the Papers at Kimbolton, by the Duke of Manchester. *Second Edition.* 2 vols. 8vo, with Fine Portraits.

"The Duke of Manchester has done a welcome service to the lover of gossip and secret history by publishing these family papers. Persons who like to see greatness without the plumes and mail in which history presents it, will accept these volumes with hearty thanks to their noble editor. In them will be found something new about many men and women in whom the reader can never cease to feel an interest—much about the divorce of Henry the Eighth and Catherine of Arragon—a great deal about the love affairs of Queen Elizabeth—something about Bacon, and (indirectly) about Shakspeare—more about Lord Essex and Lady Rich—the very strange story of Walter Montagu, poet, profligate, courtier, pervert, secret agent, abbot—many details of the Civil War and Cromwell's Government, and of the Restoration—much that is new about the Revolution and the Settlement, the exiled Court of St. Germains, the wars of William of Orange, the campaigns of Marlborough, the intrigues of Duchess Sarah, and the town life of fine ladies and gentlemen during the days of Anne. With all this is mingled a good deal of gossip about the loves of great poets, the frailties of great beauties, the rivalries of great wits, the quarrels of great peers."—*Athenæum.*

"These volumes are sure to excite curiosity. A great deal of interesting matter is here collected, from sources which are not within everybody's reach."—*Times.*

"The public are indebted to the noble author for contributing, from the archives of his ancestral seat, many important documents otherwise inaccessible to the historical inquirer, as well as for the lively, picturesque, and piquant sketches of Court and Society, which render his work powerfully attractive to the general reader. The work contains varied information relating to secret Court intrigues, numerous narratives of an exciting nature, and valuable materials for authentic history. Scarcely any personage whose name figured before the world during the long period embraced by the volumes is passed over in silence."—*Morning Post.*

THE LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING, Minister of the National Scotch Church, London. Illustrated by his Journal and Correspondence. By Mrs. Oliphant. *Fourth and Cheaper Edition, Revised,* in 1 vol., with Portrait, 5s., bound.

"We who read these memoirs must own to the nobility of Irving's character, the grandeur of his aims, and the extent of his powers. His friend Carlyle bears this testimony to his worth:—'I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world, or hope to find.' A character such as this is deserving of study, and his life ought to be written. Mrs. Oliphant has undertaken the work and has produced a biography of considerable merit. The author fully understands her hero, and sets forth the incidents of his career with the skill of a practised hand. The book is a good book on a most interesting theme."—*Times.*

"Mrs. Oliphant's 'Life of Edward Irving' supplies a long-felt desideratum. It is copious, earnest, and eloquent. On every page there is the impress of a large and masterly comprehension, and of a bold, fluent, and poetic skill of portraiture. Irving as a man and as a pastor is not only fully sketched, but exhibited with many broad, powerful, and life-like touches, which leave a strong impression."—*Edinburgh Review.*

"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. Irving's life ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography. There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."—*Saturday Review.*

"We thank Mrs. Oliphant for her beautiful and pathetic narrative. Hers is a book which few of any creed can read without some profit, and still fewer will close without regret. It is saying much, in this case, to say that the biographer is worthy of the man. The journal which Irving kept is one of the most remarkable records that was ever given to the public, and must be read by any who would form a just appreciation of his noble and simple character."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

REMINISCENCES OF THE OPERA. By Benjamin Lumley, Twenty Years Director of Her Majesty's Theatre. 8vo, with Portrait of the Author by Count D'Orsay. 16s.

"Mr. Lumley's book, with all its sparkling episodes, is really a well-digested history of an institution of social importance in its time, interspersed with sound opinions and shrewd and mature reflections."—*Times.*

"As a repertory of anecdote, we have not for a long while met with anything at all comparable to these unusually brilliant and most diversified Reminiscences. They reveal the Twenty Years' Director of Her Majesty's Theatre to us in the thick and throng of all his radiant associations. They take us luringly—as it were, led by the button-hole—behind the scenes, in every sense of that decoying and profoundly attractive phrase. They introduce us to all the stars—now singly, now in very constellations. They bring us rapidly, delightfully, and exhilaratingly to a knowledge so intimate of what has really been doing there in the Realm of Song, not only behind the scenes and in the green-room, but in the reception-apartment of the Director himself, that we are *au courant* with all the whims and oddities of the strange world in which he fills so high and responsible a position. Reading Mr. Lumley, we now know more than we have ever known before of such Queens of the Lyric stage as Pasta, Catalini, Malibran, Grisi, Sontag, and Piccolomini—of such light-footed fairies of the ballet as Taglioni, Fanny Ellsler, and Cerito—of such primi tenori as Rubini, Mario, Gardoni, and Giuglini—of such baritones as Ronconi and Tamburini—or of such bassi profondi as the wondrous Staudigl and the mighty Lablache. Nay, Mr. Lumley takes us out of the glare of the footlights, away from the clang of the orchestra, into the dream-haunted presence of the great composers of the age, bringing us face to face, as it were, among others, with Rossini, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Balfe, and Donizetti. He lets us into the mysteries of his correspondence—now with Count Cavour, now with Prince Metternich—for, in his doings, in his movements, in his negotiations, Sovereigns, Prime Ministers, Ambassadors, and Governments are, turn by turn, not merely courteously, but directly and profoundly interested! Altogether, Mr. Lumley's book is an enthralling one. It is written with sparkling vivacity, and is delightfully interesting throughout."—*Sun.*

"Everyone ought to read Mr. Lumley's very attractive 'Reminiscences of the Opera.' In the fashionable, dramatic, and literary worlds its cordial welcome is assured. It is a most entertaining volume. Anecdote succeeds to anecdote in this pleasant book with delightful fluency."—*Post.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Victor Hugo. Authorized English Translation. 1 vol. 8vo, 12s.

"M. Victor Hugo has produced a notable and brilliant book about Shakespeare. M. Hugo sketches the life of Shakespeare, and makes of it a very effective picture. Imagination and pleasant fancy are mingled with the facts. There is high colouring, but therewith a charm which has not hitherto been found in any portrait of Shakespeare painted by a foreign hand. The biographical details are manipulated by a master's hand, and consequently there is an agreeable air of novelty even about the best known circumstances."—*Athenæum.*

LIFE IN JAVA; with SKETCHES of the JAVANESE. By William Barrington D'Almeida. 2 vols. post 8vo, with Illustrations. 21s., bound.

"'Life in Java' is both amusing and instructive. The author saw a good deal of the country and people not generally known."—*Athenæum.*

"Mr. D'Almeida's volumes traverse interesting ground. They are filled with good and entertaining matter."—*Examiner.*

"A very entertaining work. The author has given most interesting pictures of the country and the people. There are not many authentic works on Java, and these volumes will rank among the best."—*Post.*

A LADY'S VISIT TO MANILLA AND JAPAN. By Anna D'A. 1 vol., with Illustrations.

"This book is written in a lively, agreeable, natural style, and we cordially recommend it as containing a fund of varied information connected with the Far East, not to be found recorded in so agreeable a manner in any other volume with which we are acquainted."—*Press.*

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THIRTEEN YEARS' SERVICE AMONGST THE WILD TRIBES OF KHONDISTAN, FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF HUMAN SACRIFICE. By Major-General John Campbell, C.B. 1 vol. 8vo, with Illustrations.

"Major-General Campbell's book is one of thrilling interest, and must be pronounced the most remarkable narrative of the present season."—*Athenæum.*

THE DESTINY OF NATIONS, as indicated in Prophecy. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. 1 vol. 7s. 6d.

"Among the subjects expounded by Dr. Cumming in this interesting volume are The Little Horn, or The Papacy; The Waning Crescent, Turkey; The Lost Ten Tribes; and the Future of the Jews and Judea, Africa, France, Russia, America, Great Britain, &c."—*Observer.* "One of the most able of Dr. Cumming's works."—*Messenger.*

MEMOIRS OF JANE CAMERON, FEMALE CONVICT. By a Prison Matron, Author of "Female Life in Prison." 2 vols. 21s.

"This narrative, as we can well believe, is truthful in every important particular—a faithful chronicle of a woman's fall and rescue. It is a book that ought to be widely read."—*Examiner.* "There can be no doubt as to the interest of the book, which, moreover, is very well written."—*Athenæum.*

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF AN OFFICER'S WIFE IN INDIA, CHINA, AND NEW ZEALAND. By Mrs. Muter, Wife of Lieut.-Colonel D. D. Muter, 13th (Prince Albert's) Light Infantry. 2 vols. 21s.

"Mrs. Muter's travels deserve to be recommended, as combining instruction and amusement in a more than ordinary degree. The work has the interest of a romance added to that of history."—*Athenæum.*

TRAVELS ON HORSEBACK IN MANTCHU TARTARY: being a Summer's Ride beyond the Great Wall of China. By George Fleming, Military Train. 1 vol. royal 8vo, with Map and 50 Illustrations.

"Mr. Fleming's narrative is a most charming one. He has an untrodden region to tell of, and he photographs it and its people and their ways. Life-like descriptions are interspersed with personal anecdotes, local legends, and stories of adventure, some of them revealing no common artistic power."—*Spectator.*

HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES I. TO THE DISGRACE OF CHIEF JUSTICE COKE. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. 2 vols. 8vo.

ADVENTURES AND RESEARCHES among the ANDAMAN ISLANDERS. By Dr. Mouat, F.R.G.S., &c 1 vol. demy 8vo, with Illustrations.

"Dr. Mouat's book, whilst forming a most important and valuable contribution to ethnology, will be read with interest by the general reader."—*Athenæum.*

MEMOIRS OF QUEEN HORTENSE, MOTHER OF NAPOLEON III. Cheaper Edition, in 1 vol. 6s.

"A biography of the beautiful and unhappy Queen, more satisfactory than any we have yet met with."—*Daily News.*

LORD LECLERQ, AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry Righton. 1 vol. crown 8vo, handsomely bound, 6s.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

THE WANDERER IN WESTERN FRANCE.

By G. T. Lowth, Esq., Author of "The Wanderer in Arabia." Illustrated by the Hon. Eliot Yorke, M.P. 8vo.

A WINTER IN UPPER AND LOWER EGYPT.

By G. A. Hoskins, Esq., F.R.G.S. 1 vol., with Illustrations.

POINTS OF CONTACT BETWEEN SCIENCE AND ART.

By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. 8vo. 5s.

GREECE AND THE GREEKS.

Being the Narrative of a Winter Residence and Summer Travel in Greece and its Islands. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols.

MEMOIRS OF CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

By Henry Woodhead. 2 vols., with Portrait.

ENGLISH WOMEN OF LETTERS.

By Julia Kavanagh, Author of "Nathalie," "Adele," "French Women of Letters," "Beatrice," &c. 2 vols.

THE OKAVANGO RIVER: A NARRATIVE OF TRAVEL, EXPLORATION, AND ADVENTURE.

By C. J. Andersson, Author of "Lake Ngami." 1 vol., with Portrait and numerous Illustrations.

TRAVELS IN THE REGIONS OF THE AMOOR, and the Russian Acquisitions on the Confines of India and China.

By T. W. Atkinson, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., Author of "Oriental and Western Siberia." Dedicated, by permission, to Her Majesty. Second Edition. Royal 8vo, with Map and 83 Illustrations, elegantly bound.

ITALY UNDER VICTOR EMMANUEL. A Personal Narrative.

By Count Charles Arrivabene. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE LIFE OF J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., from Original Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends and Fellow Academicians.

By Walter Thornbury. 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits and other Illustrations.

THE CHURCH AND THE CHURCHES; or, THE PAPACY AND THE TEMPORAL POWER.

By Dr. Döllinger. Translated by W. B. Mac Cabe. 8vo.

CHEAP EDITION of LES MISÉRABLES.

By Victor Hugo. The Authorized Copyright English Translation, Illustrated by Millais. 5s., bound.

"The merits of 'Les Misérables' do not merely consist in the conception of it as a whole, it abounds page after page with details of unequalled beauty."—*Quarterly Review*

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS,
PUBLISHED BY HURST & BLACKETT.

MISS CAREW. By Amelia B. Edwards, Author of "Barbara's History," &c. *Second Edition.* 3 vols.

"Never has the author's brilliant and vivacious style been more conspicuously displayed than in this very original and charming story."—*Sun.*

THE PEMBERTON FAMILY. Edited by the Author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids," "The Queen of the County," &c. 3 vols.

ROSE AYLMER'S HOME. 3 vols.

"There is cleverness in this novel, story and character."—*Athenæum.*

"A very pleasant, clever, and natural tale."—*Messenger.*

LONDON PILGRIMS. 3 vols.

ALEC FORBES OF HOWGLEN. By George Mac Donald, M.A., Author of "David Elginbrod," &c. 3 vols.

"No account of this story would give any idea of the profound interest that pervades the work from the first page to the last."—*Athenæum.*

"Mr. George Mac Donald looks in his stories more to the souls of men and women than to their social outside. He reads life and nature like a true poet. His pages are therefore alive with subtle thoughts, to which he gives felicitous expression. Throughout his story one feels to be not spending one's time in the shop of a confectioner of novels, but abroad, under sunny heavens, in a poet's company, observing nature and the souls of men. The book is full of good thought and good writing."—*Examiner.*

"In varied incident, in truthfulness to nature, in sparkling dialogue, in passages of sterling poetry and genuine pathos, and in touches of a humour that often rises to the highest wisdom, 'Alec Forbes' is the most attractive novel of the day, and greatly enhances the already established fame of its gifted author, entitling him, in fact, to a position in the first rank of our modern literature."—*Banffshire Journal.*

VIOLET OSBORNE. By the Lady Emily Ponsonby, Author of "The Discipline of Life," &c. 3 vols.

"A graceful and refined story, full of gentle feeling and pure morality, It will be read with pleasure. There are some well-sketched characters in 'Violet Osborne.' Many readers will be able to endorse their likeness to real life."—*Athenæum.*

"A pleasant, instructive, and wholesome novel. The great charm of the book lies in its portrayal of the heroine's character. Lady Emily Ponsonby does not rely for effect on melodramatic villains, but sees in love and truth and earnestness of purpose the soul of human life."—*Examiner.*

CARRY'S CONFESSION. By the Author of "High Church," "No Church," "Owen," "Mattie," &c. 3 vols.

"This novel is equal to any former ones by the same author. The story is cleverly told, and is very original. It can scarcely fail to be read with thoughtful interest. It is very far above the average run of novels, and deserves to find a longer life than is accorded to ephemeral works of fiction."—*Athenæum.*

A FAITHFUL WOMAN. By the Author of "Cousin Geoffrey," &c. 3 vols.

"A very clever novel. The author has rarely been more successful."—*Messenger.*

THE CURATE OF SADBROOKE. 3 vols.

"A pleasantly written novel. The types of character are natural and well defined."—*Athenæum.*

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS,
PUBLISHED BY HURST & BLACKETT.

CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 1 vol.

"A more charming story, to our taste, has rarely been written. Within the compass of a single volume the writer has hit off a circle of varied characters all true to nature—some true to the highest nature—and she has entangled them in a story which keeps us in suspense till its knot is happily and gracefully resolved; while, at the same time, a pathetic interest is sustained by an art of which it would be difficult to analyse the secret. It is a choice gift to be able thus to render human nature so truly, to penetrate its depths with such a searching sagacity, and to illuminate them with a radiance so eminently the writer's own. Even if tried by the standard of the Archbishop of York, we should expect that even he would pronounce 'Christian's Mistake' a novel without a fault."—*Times.*

"This is a story good to have from the circulating library, but better to have from one's bookseller, for it deserves a place in that little collection of clever and wholesome stories that forms one of the comforts of a well-appointed home."—*Examiner.*

LISABEE'S LOVE STORY. By the author of "John and I," "Dr. Jacob," &c. 3 vols.

"This book is a very good one. There is real beauty in the title of 'Lisabee's Love Story,' a tale so simple and idyllic in its nature that the Laureate himself might have uttered it in verse as companion to the 'Dora,' and 'Gardener's Daughter,' the 'Enoch Arden,' and 'The Aylmer's Field.'"—*Examiner.*

"This story is gracefully written, and not without interest as a tale of love's trials and triumphs. No part of the book is better than the pictures of life in Vienna. Nothing can exceed the vividness and reality of these sketches."—*Saturday Review.*

BEATRICE. By JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of "Nathalie," "Adele," &c. 3 vols.

"Miss Kavanagh is a writer of considerable and uncommon ability. Her novels never fail to interest. They are thoughtful books, and bespeak a highly-toned and cultivated mind. 'Beatrice' is a very interesting story, admirably constructed. It is calculated to increase Miss Kavanagh's reputation as a novelist. It is very much superior in power and in skilful construction to any of the author's former works; and the interest created by Beatrice Gordon is vivid and unflagging. Beatrice is the finest female character Miss Kavanagh has yet drawn."—*Post.*

SHATTERED IDOLS. *Second Edition.* 3 vols.

"A remarkable and original novel."—*Athenæum.*

"A remarkably clever, original, and interesting novel. The plot is very striking and ingenious. It is pleasantly relieved by some capital sketches of society and individuals, manifestly done from and to the life."—*Post.*

"This work proceeds, we believe, from the pen of an accomplished lady of title. It is one of the most exciting and attractive stories that have lately appeared, and will be perused by every novel reader."—*U. S. Mag.*

BLOUNT TEMPEST. By the Rev. J. C. M. BELLEW. *Third Edition, Revised.* 3 vols.

"This book is well written. The story is interesting and full of incident. The accounts of the various old families and family places are extremely well done. The picture of life at Hampton Court is very good, and there is an amusing account of a commemoration day at Oxford.."—*Athenæum.*

"A remarkably clever novel; thoroughly original, and independent of any fashion, school, or class. The reader will acknowledge that no nobler lesson was ever taught from pulpit or altar step than the author teaches in this beautiful story. There is much dignity and purity in the sketches of female character. The heroine, Mabel Massey, is a charming creature."—*Post.*

MR. STEWART'S INTENTIONS. By the Author of "Grandmother's Money," &c. 3 vols.

"This novel is superior to all the author's previous stories, and is so entertaining and artistic a work that we are able to congratulate him upon its goodness almost without a single important reserve. The volumes abound in vigorous and suggestive writing, and with passages that stir the deeper affections."—*Athenæum.*

Under the Especial Patronage of Her Majesty.

Published annually, in One Vol., royal 8vo, with the Arms beautifully engraved, handsomely bound, with gilt edges, price 31s. 6d.

LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE,

CORRECTED BY THE NOBILITY.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH EDITION FOR 1865 IS NOW READY.

LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE is acknowledged to be the most complete, as well as the most elegant, work of the kind. As an established and authentic authority on all questions respecting the family histories, honours, and connections of the titled aristocracy, no work has ever stood so high. It is published under the especial patronage of Her Majesty, and is annually corrected throughout, from the personal communications of the Nobility. It is the only work of its class in which, *the type being kept constantly standing*, every correction is made in its proper place to the date of publication, an advantage which gives it supremacy over all its competitors. Independently of its full and authentic information respecting the existing Peers and Baronets of the realm, the most sedulous attention is given in its pages to the collateral branches of the various noble families, and the names of many thousand individuals are introduced, which do not appear in other records of the titled classes. For its authority, correctness, and facility of arrangement, and the beauty of its typography and binding, the work is justly entitled to the place it occupies on the tables of Her Majesty and the Nobility.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

Historical View of the Peerage.
Parliamentary Roll of the House of Lords.
English, Scotch, and Irish Peers, in their orders of Precedence.
Alphabetical List of Peers of Great Britain and the United Kingdom, holding superior rank in the Scotch or Irish Peerage.
Alphabetical list of Scotch and Irish Peers, holding superior titles in the Peerage of Great Britain and the United Kingdom.
A Collective list of Peers, in their order of Precedence.
Table of Precedency among Men.
Table of Precedency among Women.
The Queen and the Royal Family.
Peers of the Blood Royal.
The Peerage, alphabetically arranged.
Families of such Extinct Peers as have left Widows or Issue.
Alphabetical List of the Surnames of all the Peers.
The Archbishops and Bishops of England, Ireland, and the Colonies.
The Baronetage alphabetically arranged.
Alphabetical List of Surnames assumed by members of Noble Families.
Alphabetical List of the Second Titles of Peers, usually borne by their Eldest Sons.
Alphabetical Index to the Daughters of Dukes, Marquises, and Earls, who, having married Commoners, retain the title of Lady before their own Christian and their Husband's Surnames.
Alphabetical Index to the Daughters of Viscounts and Barons, who, having married Commoners, are styled Honourable Mrs.; and, in case of the husband being a Baronet or Knight, Honourable Lady.
Mottoes alphabetically arranged and translated.

"Lodge's Peerage must supersede all other works of the kind, for two reasons: first, it is on a better plan; and secondly, it is better executed. We can safely pronounce it to be the readiest, the most useful, and exactest of modern works on the subject."—*Spectator*

"A work which corrects all errors of former works. It is a most useful publication."—*Times.*

"A work of great value. It is the most faithful record we possess of the aristocracy of the day."—*Post.*

"The best existing, and, we believe, the best possible peerage. It is the standard authority on the subject."—*Herald.*

NOW IN COURSE OF PUBLICATION,

HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

OF CHEAP EDITIONS OF

POPULAR MODERN WORKS,

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLAIS, HOLMAN HUNT, LEECH, BIRKET FOSTER, JOHN GILBERT, TENNIEL, &c.

Each in a single volume, elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated, price 5s.

VOL. I.—SAM SLICK'S NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.

"The first volume of Messrs Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of Cheap Editions forms a very good beginning to what will doubtless be a very successful undertaking. 'Nature and Human Nature' is one of the best of Sam Slick's witty and humorous productions, and well entitled to the large circulation which it cannot fail to obtain in its present convenient and cheap shape. The volume combines with the great recommendations of a clear, bold type, and good paper, the lesser, but attractive merits, of being well illustrated and elegantly bound."—*Post.*

VOL. II.—JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

"This is a very good and a very interesting work. It is designed to trace the career from boyhood to age of a perfect man—a Christian gentleman, and it abounds in incident both well and highly wrought. Throughout it is conceived in a high spirit, and written with great ability. This cheap and handsome new edition is worthy to pass freely from hand to hand as a gift book in many households."—*Examiner.*

"The new and cheaper edition of this interesting work will doubtless meet with great success. John Halifax, the hero of this most beautiful story, is no ordinary hero, and this his history is no ordinary book. It is a full-length portrait of a true gentleman, one of nature's own nobility. It is also the history of a home, and a thoroughly English one. The work abounds in incident, and many of the scenes are full of graphic power and true pathos. It is a book that few will read without becoming wiser and better."—*Scotsman.*

"The story is very interesting. The attachment between John Halifax and his wife is beautifully painted, as are the pictures of their domestic life, and the growing up of their children; and the conclusion of the book is beautiful and touching."—*Athenæum.*

VOL. III.—THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"Independent of its value as an original narrative, and its useful and interesting information, this work is remarkable for the colouring power and play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. Among its greatest and most lasting charms is its reverent and serious spirit."—*Quarterly Review.*

"A book calculated to prove more practically useful was never penned than 'The Crescent and the Cross'—a work which surpasses all others in its homage for the sublime and its love for the beautiful in those famous regions consecrated to everlasting immortality in the annals of the prophets, and which no other writer has ever depicted with a pencil at once so reverent and so picturesque."—*Sun.*

VOL. IV.—NATHALIE. BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Nathalie' is Miss Kavanagh's best imaginative effort. Its manner is gracious and attractive. Its matter is good. A sentiment, a tenderness, are commanded by her which are as individual as they are elegant. We should not soon come to an end were we to specify all the delicate touches and attractive pictures which place 'Nathalie' high among books of its class."—*Athenæum.*

[CONTINUED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES.]

HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

(CONTINUED).

VOL. V.—A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A book of sound counsel. It is one of the most sensible works of its kind, well-written, true-hearted, and altogether practical. Whoever wishes to give advice to a young lady may thank the author for means of doing so."—*Examiner.*

"These thoughts are worthy of the earnest and enlightened mind, the all-embracing charity, and the well-earned reputation of the author of 'John Halifax.'"—*Herald.*

VOL. VI.—ADAM GRAEME OF MOSSGRAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS MARGARET MAITLAND."

"'Adam Graeme' is a story awakening genuine emotions of interest and delight by its admirable pictures of Scottish life and scenery. The eloquent author sets before us the essential attributes of Christian virtue, their deep and silent workings in the heart, and their beautiful manifestations in life, with a delicacy, a power, and a truth which can hardly be surpassed."—*Post.*

VOL. VII.—SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

"We have not the slightest intention to criticise this book. Its reputation is made, and will stand as long as that of Scott's or Bulwer's Novels. The remarkable originality of its purpose, and the happy description it affords of American life and manners, still continue the subject of universal admiration. To say thus much is to say enough, though we must just mention that the new edition forms a part of Messrs Hurst and Blackett's Cheap Standard Library, which has included some of the very best specimens of light literature that ever have been written."—*Messenger.*

VOL. VIII.—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES.

"A picturesque book on Rome and its ecclesiastical sovereigns, by an eloquent Roman Catholic. Cardinal Wiseman has here treated a special subject with so much generality and geniality, that his recollections will excite no ill-feeling in those who are most conscientiously opposed to every idea of human infallibility represented in Papal domination."—*Athenæum.*

VOL. IX.—A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"We are always glad to welcome Miss Mulock. She writes from her own convictions, and she has the power not only to conceive clearly what it is that she wishes to say, but to express it in language effective and vigorous. In 'A Life for a Life' she is fortunate in a good subject, and she has produced a work of strong effect."—*Athenæum.*

VOL. X.—THE OLD COURT SUBURB. BY LEIGH HUNT.

"A delightful book, that will be welcome to all readers, and most welcome to those who have a love for the best kinds of reading."—*Examiner.*

"A more agreeable and entertaining book has not been published since Boswell produced his reminiscences of Johnson."—*Observer.*

VOL. XI.—MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.

"We recommend all who are in search of a fascinating novel to read this work for themselves. They will find it well worth their while. There are a freshness and originality about it quite charming, and there is a certain nobleness in the treatment both of sentiment and incident which is not often found."—*Athenæum.*

HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

(CONTINUED).

VOL. XII.—THE OLD JUDGE. BY SAM SLICK.

"The publications included in this Library have all been of good quality; many give information while they entertain, and of that class the book before us is a specimen. The manner in which the Cheap Editions forming the series is produced deserves especial attention. The paper and print are unexceptionable; there is a steel engraving in each volume, and the outsides of them will satisfy the purchaser who likes to see a regiment of books in handsome uniform."—*Examiner.*

VOL. XIII.—DARIEN. BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"This last production of the author of 'The Crescent and the Cross' has the same elements of a very wide popularity. It will please its thousands."—*Globe.*

VOL. XIV.—FAMILY ROMANCE; OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY SIR BERNARD BURKE, Ulster King of Arms.

"It were impossible to praise too highly this most interesting book. It ought to be found on every drawing-room table. Here you have nearly fifty captivating romances with the pith of all their interest preserved in undiminished poignancy, and any one may be read in half an hour."—*Standard.*

VOL. XV.—THE LAIRD OF NORLAW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS MARGARET MAITLAND."

"The Laird of Norlaw fully sustains the author's high reputation."—*Sunday Times.*

VOL. XVI.—THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN ITALY.

"We can praise Mrs Gretton's book as interesting, unexaggerated, and full of opportune instruction."—*The Times.*

VOL. XVII.—NOTHING NEW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"'Nothing New' displays all those superior merits which have made 'John Halifax' one of the most popular works of the day."—*Post.*

VOL. XVIII.—FREER'S LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET.

"Nothing can be more interesting than Miss Freer's story of the life of Jeanne D'Albret, and the narrative is as trustworthy as it is attractive."—*Post.*

VOL. XIX.—THE VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS."

"We know no novel of the last three or four years to equal this latest production of the popular authoress of 'Margaret and her Bridesmaids.' If asked to classify it, we should give it a place between 'John Halifax' and 'The Caxtons.'"—*Herald.*

VOL. XX.—THE ROMANCE OF THE FORUM.

BY PETER BURKE, Serjeant at Law.

"A work of singular interest, which can never fail to charm. The present cheap and elegant edition includes the true story of the Colleen Bawn." *Illustrated News.*

VOL. XXI.—ADELE. BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Adèle' is the best work we have read by Miss Kavanagh; it is a charming story, full of delicate character painting."—*Athenæum.*

HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY
(CONTINUED).

VOL. XXII.—STUDIES FROM LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"These 'Studies from Life' are remarkable for graphic power and observation. The book will not diminish the reputation of the accomplished author."—*Saturday Review.*

VOL. XXIII.—GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY.

"We commend 'Grandmother's Money' to readers in search of a good novel. The characters are true to human nature, the story is interesting, and there is throughout a healthy tone of morality."—*Athenæum.*

VOL. XXIV.—A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.

BY J. C. JEAFFRESON, ESQ.

"A delightful book."—*Athenæum.* "A book to be read and re-read; fit for the study as well as the drawing-room table and the circulating library."—*Lancet.*

VOL. XXV.—NO CHURCH.

"We advise all who have the opportunity to read this book. It is well worth the study."—*Athenæum.*

VOL. XXVI.—MISTRESS AND MAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A good wholesome book, gracefully written, and as pleasant to read as it is instructive."—*Athenæum.* "A charming tale charmingly told. All the characters are drawn with life-like naturalness."—*Herald.* "The spirit of the whole book is excellent. It is written with the same true-hearted earnestness as 'John Halifax.'"—*Examiner.*

VOL. XXVII.—LOST AND SAVED.

BY THE HON. MRS NORTON.

"'Lost and Saved' will be read with eager interest. It is a vigorous novel."—*Times.* "A novel of rare excellence; fresh in its thought, and with a brave soul speaking through it. It is Mrs Norton's best prose work."—*Examiner.*

VOL. XXVIII.—LES MISERABLES. BY VICTOR HUGO.

AUTHORISED COPYRIGHT ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

"The merits of 'Les Misérables' do not merely consist in the conception of it as a whole: it abounds, page after page, with details of unequalled beauty. In dealing with all the emotions, doubts, fears, which go to make up our common humanity, M. Victor Hugo has stamped upon every page the hall-mark of genius."—*Quarterly Review.*

VOL. XXIX.—BARBARA'S HISTORY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

"It is not often that we light upon a novel of so much merit and interest as 'Barbara's History.' It is a work conspicuous for taste and literary culture. It is a very graceful and charming book, with a well-managed story, clearly-cut characters, and sentiments expressed with an exquisite elocution. The dialogues especially sparkle with repartee. It is a book which the world will like. This is high praise of a work of art, and so we intend it."—*Times.*

VOL. XXX.—LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

"A good book on a most interesting theme."—*Times.*

"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. Irving's life ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography. There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."—*Saturday Review.*

"Mrs Oliphant's Life of Irving supplies a long-felt desideratum. It is copious, earnest, and eloquent. Irving, as a man and as a pastor, is not only fully sketched, but exhibited with many broad, powerful, and life-like touches, which leave a strong impression."—*Edinburgh Review.*

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 047697815